The ANTIOCH REVIEW

Volume XIV

1954

Published by
The ANTIOCH REVIEW, INC.
Yellow Springs, Ohio

AP
2
.A662

All Rights Reserved

Copyright 1954
The Antioch Review, Inc.
Yellow Springs, Ohio

INDEX

Volume 14, 1954, *The* Antioch Review

Abbe, George. The Hockey Forward and Mankind, a poem, 414

Adenauer, Konrad. *Journey to America, Collected Speeches, Statements, . . .* rev. by H. L. Trefousse, 124

Advancement of Learning, The, a story, by Charles Kaplan, 65

Aldous and Heaven Too: Religion Among the Intellectuals, by Floyd W. Matson, 292

Almond, Gabriel A. *The Appeals of Communism*, rev. by Paul Bixler, 360

Anonymous. *On the Four Quartets of T. S. Eliot*, rev. by Coralie Beyers, 376

American Novel — Short Course, The, by Wayne Carver, 109

America's Newest Voter: a Florida Case Study, by William G. Carleton and Hugh Douglas Price, 441

Antisocial Medicine, by Peter Carmichael, 27

Apter, David. Phillips Ruopp's (ed.) *Approaches to Community Development*, S. Herbert Frankel's *The Economic Impact on Under Developed Societies*, 236

Aptheker, Herbert. Letter, 248

Asher, Gerecht. Alexander Baron's *The Human Kind*, Gwendolyn Brooks' *Maud Martha*, Camilo Jose Cela's *The Hive*, James Hanley's *The Closed Harbor*, Elisabeth Langgasser's *The Quest*, Robert Lowry's *The Violent Wedding*, James Michener's *The Bridges at Toko-ri*, Budd Schulberg's *Some Faces in the Crowd*, Elizabeth Taylor's *The Sleeping Beauty*, Amos Tutuola's *The Palm-Wine Drunkard*, Mark Van Doren's *Nobody Say a Word and other stories*, Jessamyn West's *Cress Delehanty*, 241

Baron, Alexander, *The Human Kind*, rev. by Asher Gerecht, 241

Barzini, Luigi. *Americans are Alone in the World*, rev. by Peter Marshall, 508

Becker, George. J. Edward Bellamy: Utopia, American Plan, 181

Bell, Charles G. *Songs for a New America*, rev. by Coralie Beyers, 376

Beyers, Coralie. Peter Viereck's *Dream and Responsibility*, *On the Four Quartets of T. S. Eliot*, William Carlos Williams' *The Desert Music* and Other Poems, Barbara Howes' *In the Cold Country*, Howard Moss's *Toy Fair*, Charles G. Bell's *Songs for a New America*, Christopher La Farge's *Beauty for Ashes*, David McCord's *The Old Bateau*, M. B. Tolson's *Libretto for the Republic of Liberia*, 376

Bierstedt, Robert. The Women Books, 224

Birnbaum, Norman. Trial at Harlow, 353

Bixler, Paul. *The Present Danger: Four Essays on American Freedom*, Elmer Davis's *But We Were Born Free*, Henry Steele Commager's *Freedom, Loyalty, Dissent*, Harold Taylor's *On Education and Freedom*, G. Bromley Oxnam's *I Protest*, A. Powell Davies' *The Urge to Persecute*, Robert E. Summers' *Freedom and Loyalty in Our Colleges*, Granville Hicks' *Where We Came Out*, Norman Thomas' *The Test of Freedom*, William F. Buckley's and L. Brent Bozell's *McCarthy and His Enemies*, James Rorty's and Moshe Decter's *McCarthy and the Communists*, Gabriel A. Almond's *The Appeals of Communism*, 360

Blinds Drawn Down, The, a story, by Ruth Kronman, 471

Books, 124, 216, 360, 502

Boorstin, Daniel J. *The Genius of American Politics*, rev. by Peter Marshall, 508

Bowen, Howard R. *Social Responsibilities of the Business Man*, rev. by Ray Ginger, 216

Brittin, Norman A. Non-Segregation, or Quality, in Schools of the Deep South?, 387

Brooks, Gwendolyn. *Maud Martha*, rev. by Asher Gerecht, 241

Bruce, J. Campbell. *The Golden Door: The Irony of Our Immigration Policy*, rev. by Arthur Mann, 373

Buchanan, William and Cantril, Hadley. *How Nations See Each Other*, rev. by Peter Marshall, 508

Buckley, William F. and Bozell, L. Brent. *McCarthy and His Enemies*, rev. by Paul Bixler, 360

Burnham, James (ed.) *What Europe Thinks of America*, rev. by Peter Marshall, 508

Carleton, William G. and Hugh Douglas Price. America's Newest Voter: a Florida Case Study, 441

Carmichael, Peter. Antisocial Medicine, 27; Conscience and the Constitution, 405

Carver, Waynee. The American Novel—the Short Course, 109

Cela, Camilo Jose. *The Hive*, rev. by Asher Gerecht, 241
Celebration for Joe, A, a short story, by Herbert Bold, 284
Ching, Cyrus S. *Review and Reflection: A Half Century of Labor Relations*, rev. by Ray Ginger, 216
CIARDI, JOHN. Lines While Walking Home from a Party on Charles Street, a poem, 34
Commager, Henry Steele. *Freedom, Loyalty, Dissent*, rev. by Paul Bixler, 360
Comment, by Jonathan Daniels, 397
Confession and Return, by Murray Hausknecht, 76
Conscience and the Constitution, by Peter A. Carmichael, 405
Cruelest Decision, The, by Kermit Eby, 35
Cultural Barriers to Point Four, by Chester L. Hunt, 159

DANIELS, JONATHAN. Comment, 397
Dark that Was Here, The, a poem, by Eli Siegel, 42
DAVIDSON, JAMES F. Memory of Defeat in Japan: a Reappraisal of "Rashomon," 492
Davies, A. Powell. *The Urge to Persecute*, rev. by Paul Bixler, 360
Davis, Elmer. *But We Were Born Free*, rev. by Paul Bixler, 360
Disaster, a poem, by Harry Morris, 380
DITZION, SIDNEY. Male Versus Female, Then and Now, 381
DREWRY, CARLETON. Now High, Now Low, a poem, 26
Duteil, H-J. *The Great American Parade*, rev. by Peter Marshall, 508
DWORKIN, MARTIN S. Movie Psychiatrics, 484

EBY, KERMIT. The Cruelest Decision, 35
Editors' Shop Talk, 2, 130, 258, 386
Edward Bellamy: Utopia, American Plan, by George J. Becker, 181
EPSTEIN, SEYMOUR. My Brother's Keeper, a story, 431; The Wreckers, a story, 169
Eugene O'Neill, by N. Bryllion Fagin, 14
EULAU, HEINZ. Wilsonian Idealist: Walter Lippmann Goes to War, 87
Exile, The, a poem, by Harold Witt, 501
Ezra in Exile, a poem, by Helmer O. Oleson, 247

FAGIN, N. BRYLLION. Eugene O'Neill, 14
FORBIS, JOHN. Lines to a Better Poet, a poem, 359
FOSTER, RICHARD. I, Burning, a poem, 310
France: Collapse of a Class, by E. Drexel Godfrey, 131
Frankel, S. Herbert. *The Economic Impact on Under Developed Societies*, rev. by David Apter, 236
FRIEDENBERG, DANIEL M. Our Foreign Policy in North Africa, 149

Galbraith, John Kenneth. *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power*, rev. by Ray Ginger, 216
Gallic War and the Tired Elk, The, a reminiscence, by Samuel Yellen, 119
GERECHT, ASHER. Pilgrims of War and Peace (a review), 241
GINGEER, RAY. Howard R. Bowen's *Social Responsibilities of the Business Man*, Cyrus S. Ching's *Review and Reflection: A Half Century of Labor Relations*, William D. Patterson's, ed., *America: Miracle at Work*, John Kenneth Galbraith's *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power*, 216
GODFREY, E. DREXEL. France: Collapse of a Class, 131
GOLD, HERBERT. A Celebration for Joe, a story, 284
GORDON, WILLIAM. It Cuts Both Ways, 415
GOTSHALK, D. W. Needed for Liberalism: a New Metaphysics and a New Program 55
GREENBERG, CLEMENT. Letter, 249
Grisaille with a Spot of Red, a poem, by Samuel Yellen, 309

HACKER, ANDREW. The Specter of Predictable Man, 195
Hanley, James. *The Closed Harbor*, rev. by Asher Gerecht, 241
HARDING, T. SWANN. This is Puerto Rico, 43
HAUSKNECHT, MURRAY. Confession and Return, 76
Hicks, Granville. *Where We Came Out*, rev. by Paul Bixler, 360
Hilger, Gustav and Meyer, Alfred G. *The Incompatible Allies, German-Soviet Relations*, 1918-1941, rev. by H. L. Trefousse, 124
Hockey Forward and Mankind, The, a poem, by George Abbe, 414
Howes, Barbara. *In the Cold Country*, rev. by Coralie Beyers, 376
HUNT, CHESTER L. Cultural Barriers to Point Four, 159
Hunter, The, a poem, by John A. Lynch, 292

I, Burning, a poem, by Richard Foster, 310
Impending Crisis, The, by Alvin Rose, 421
It Cuts Both Ways, by William Gordon, 415

James Madison and the Current Conservative Vogue, by Neal Riemer, 458
JEROME, JUDSON. The Jittery Gentle Squirrel, a poem, 440

KAPLAN, CHARLES. The Advancement of Learning, a story, 65
KENNY, HERBERT A. Night Song for Dylan Thomas, a poem, 215
KRONMAN, RUTH. The Blinds Drawn Down, a story, 471

La Farge, Christopher. *Beauty for Ashes*, rev. by Coralie Beyers, 376
Langgasser, Elisabeth. *The Quest*, rev. by Asher Gerecht, 241
LENS, SIDNEY. Letter from Karachi, 323
Letters, 248
Lines to a Better Poet, a poem, by John Forbis, 359
Lines While Walking Home from a Party on Charles Street, a poem, by John Ciardi, 34
LOGAN, RAYFORD W. The Realities and Ethics of Desegregation, 398
Lowry, Robert. *The Violent Wedding*, rev. by Asher Gerecht, 241
Lynch, John A. The Hunter, a poem, 292

McCord, David. *The Old Bateau*, rev. by Coralie Beyers, 376
Male Versus Female, Then and Now, by Sidney Ditzion, 381
MANN, ARTHUR. J. Campbell Bruce's *The Golden Door: The Irony of Our Immigration Policy*, 373
MARSHALL, PETER. William Buchanan's and Hadley Cantril's *How Nations See Each Other*, James Burnham's (ed.) *What Europe Thinks of America*, H-J Duteil's *The Great American Parade*, Luigi Barzini's *Americans are Alone in the World*, Daniel J. Boorstin's *The Genius of American Politics*, 508
MATSON, FLOYD W. Aldous and Heaven Too: Religion Among the Intellectuals, 293
Memory of Defeat: a Reappraisal of "Rashomon," by James F. Davidson, 492
MICHAELS, ROBIN HART. The Wanganga Speaks, a tale, 168
MICHAELSON, L. W. Social Criticism in Science Fiction, 502
Michener, James. *The Bridges at Toko-ri*, rev. by Asher Gerecht, 241
MORRIS, HARRY. Disaster, a poem, 380
Moss, Howard. *Toy Fair*, rev. by Coralie Beyers, 376
Movie Psychiatrics, by Martin S. Dworkin, 484
My Aunt Sarah and the Rich, a reminiscence, by Samuel Tenebaum, 208
My Brother's Keeper, a story, by Seymour Epstein, 431

Needed for Liberalism: a New Metaphysics and a New Program, by D. W. Gotshalf, 55
New American Painting, The, by Geoffrey Wagner, 3
Night Song for Dylan Thomas, a poem, by Herbert A. Kenny, 215
NOBLE, DAVID W. Simon Patten: Relativist or Utopian, 333
Non-Segregation, or Quality, in Schools of the Deep South? by Norman A. Brittin, 387
Now High, Now Low, a poem, by Carleton Drewry, 26

OLESON, HELMER O. Ezra in Exile, a poem, 247
Our Foreign Policy in North Africa, by Daniel M. Friedenberg, 149
Oxnam, G. Bromley. *I Protest*, rev. by Paul Bixler, 360

Painter, The, a story, by Wilma Shore, 345
Patterson, William D., ed. *America: Miracle at Work*, rev. by Ray Ginger, 216
PRICE, HUGH DOUGLAS and WILLIAM G. CARLETON. America's Newest Voter: a Florida Case Study, 441

Realities and Ethics of Desegregation, The, by Rayford W. Logan, 398
Reconversion, a poem, by Hollis Summers, 167
REYNOLDS, REGINALD. Women in Africa: Notes on Religious and Social Trends, 312
RIEMER, NEAL. James Madison and the Current Conservative Vogue, 458
Rorty, James and Decter, Moshe. *McCarthy and the Communists*, rev. by Paul Bixler, 360
ROSE, ALVIN. The Impending Crisis, 421
Ruopp, Phillips (ed.). *Approaches to Community Development*, rev. by David Apter, 236

Schulberg, Budd. *Some Faces in the Crowd*, rev. by Asher Gerecht, 241
SHORE, WILMA. The Painter, a story, 345
SIEGEL, ELI. The Dark that Was Here, a poem, 42
Simon Patten: Relativist or Utopian, by David W. Noble, 333

Social Criticism in Science Fiction, by L. W. Michaelson, 502
Specter of Predictable Man, The, by Andrew Hacker, 195
Stiles, Lela. *The Man Behind Roosevelt*, rev. by Rexford G. Tugwell, 367
SUMMERS, HOLLIS. Reconversion, a poem, 167
Summers, Robert E. *Freedom and Loyalty in Our Colleges*, rev. by Paul Bixler, 360

Taylor, Elizabeth. *The Sleeping Beauty*, rev. by Asher Gerecht, 241
Taylor, Harold. *On Education and Freedom*, rev. by Paul Bixler, 360
TENENBAUM, SAMUEL. My Aunt Sarah and the Rich, a reminiscence, 208
This is Puerto Rico, by T. Swann Harding, 43
Thomas, Norman. *The Test of Freedom*, rev. by Paul Bixler, 360
Tolson, M. B. *Libretto for the Republic of Liberia*, rev. by Coralie Beyers, 376
TREFOUSSE, H. L. Theodore White's *Fire in the Ashes*, James P. Warburg's *Germany: Key to Peace*, Konrad Adenauer's *Journey to America, Collected Speeches, Statements . . .*, Gustav Hilger's and Alfred G. Meyer's *The Incompatible Allies, German-Soviet Relations*, 1918-1941, 124
Trial at Harlow, by Norman Birnbaum, 353
TUGWELL, REXFORD G. Lela Stiles' *The Man Behind Roosevelt*, 367
Tutuola, Amos. *The Palm-Wine Drunkard*, rev. by Asher Gerecht, 241

Van Doren, Mark. *Nobody Say a Word and other stories*, rev. by Asher Gerecht, 241
Viereck, Peter, *Dream and Responsibility*, rev. by Coralie Beyers, 376

WAGNER, GEOFFREY. The New American Painting, 3; Letter, 251
Wanganga Speaks, The, a tale, by Robin Hart Michaels, 168
Warburg, James P. *Germany: Key to Peace*, rev. by H. L. Trefousse, 124
White, Theodore H. *Fire in the Ashes*, rev. by H. L. Trefousse, 124
WILLEN, PAUL. Who "Collaborated" with Russia? 259
Williams, William Carlos. *The Desert Music and Other Poems*, rev. by Coralie Beyers, 376
Wilsonian Idealist: Walter Lippmann Goes to War, by Heinz Eulau, 87
WITT, HAROLD. The Exile, a poem, 501; Yes, It Was the Era of the New Erewhon, a poem, 64
Women in Africa: Notes on Religious and Social Trends, by Reginald Reynolds, 312
Wreckers, The, a story, by Seymour Epstein, 169

YELLEN, SAMUEL. The Gallic War and the Tired Elk, a reminiscence, 119; Grisaille with a Spot of Red, a poem, 309
Yes, It Was the Era of the New Erewhon, a poem, by Harold Witt, 64

The Antioch Review

Desk

APR 7 1954

PERIODICAL READING ROOM

The New American Painting —Geoffrey Wagner

Antisocial Medicine —Peter Carmichael

The Cruelest Decision —Kermit Eby

Confession and Return —Murray Hausknecht

Eugene O'Neill . . . . . N. Bryllion Fagin

This is Puerto Rico . . . . . T. Swann Harding

Needed for Liberalism: A New Metaphysics and a New Program . . . . . D. W. Gotshalk

Wilsonian Idealist: Walter Lippmann Goes to War . . . . . Heinz Eulau

The American Novel—the Short Course . Wayne Carver

A National Quarterly — Published in Yellow Springs, Ohio

Poems and *Stories* by Samuel Yellen, John Ciardi, Carleton Drewry, Eli Siegel, Harold Witt, Charles Kaplan

75c

THE GOD IN YOU

By KERMIT EBY
With a foreword by
REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Leads the way to a life above fear, above the daily drain on our lives and spirits. It shows that God is real and within us, as our Christian heritage tells us is true, and that through our belief we have the whole of creation at our command.

THE GOD IN YOU is enriched with a fascinating storehouse of anecdotes derived from the author's experiences in acting upon his beliefs.

At your bookstore, or from
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5750 Ellis Avenue **Chicago 37, Illinois**

In February **HOUGHTON MIFFLIN** announced the publication of two new

LITERARY FELLOWSHIP AWARD

novels: **The Lion and the Honeycomb** by Siegel Fleisher and **The Coasts of the Earth** by Harold Livingston. This fellowship program is now in its 20th year. It is designed to help promising young writers by providing financial help for work in progress. Each award is for **$2400.** Manuscripts may be submitted at any time during the year. For details write **Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park St., Boston, Mass.**

Out of Confusion

The personal testament of **MANMATHA NATH CHATTERJEE,** born into the Brahmin caste of India, educated as an engineer in Europe, and for thirty-one years a challenging and stimulating professor of Social Science at Antioch College.

"The reflections of a thoughtful life and what it has to tell us with respect to solving the problems of a world now beset with confusion, violence, and uncertainty. . . . [Chatterjee] brings the serenity of the East to bear upon his long experience with the life and problems of the Western world. He discusses the problems of war and peace, economic life, and the responsibilities of democratic citizenship in penetrating detail, but he does not lose sight of the forest while exploring and describing the trees. He always keeps before his readers the basic consideration that human life is an indivisible whole and that sound, civilized values must be worked out and deliberately infused through all of our life. He never forgets to put first things first."
—from the Introduction by Harry Elmer Barnes

"If there is not an ever-widening appreciation in the next few years for Dr. Chatterjee's gently tendered guidance toward serenity and wisdom, it will be one of the cultural sorrows of our time." **—The Dayton Daily News**

$3.00

THE ANTIOCH PRESS **Yellow Springs, Ohio**

The ANTIOCH REVIEW

"Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?" —ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EDITORIAL BOARD

PAUL BIXLER
Chairman
LOUIS FILLER
Book Review Editor
W. B. ALEXANDER
HEINZ EULAU
GEORGE R. GEIGER*
ALBERT W. LIDDLE
HERMAN SCHNURER
ALBERT B. STEWART
EVERETT K. WILSON
FREEMAN CHAMPNEY
Business Manager
*on leave of absence

Indexed in the *International Index to Periodicals*

Published, Yellow Springs, Ohio, in March, June, September, and December by The Antioch Review, Inc., a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio. The Antioch Review is not an official publication of Antioch College and the views expressed in its columns are not necessarily those of the College. Subscription: $3.00 the year; Canadian, $3.50; Foreign, $4. Single copies, 75 cents.

Contributions should be sent to The Antioch Review, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Unsolicited manuscripts which are found unavailable for publication will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Editors assume no responsibility for the views expressed by contributors.

National Distributor
Eastern News Company
306 W. 11th St., N.Y.

Publication Office,
212 Xenia Avenue,
Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter. March 22, 1941 at the post office at Yellow Springs, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Contents

The New American Painting 3
GEOFFREY WAGNER

Eugene O'Neill 14
N. BRYLLION FAGIN

Now High, Now Low ..... *a Poem* ... 26
CARLETON DREWRY

Antisocial Medicine 27
PETER CARMICHAEL

Lines While Walking Home from a Party on Charles Street ..... *a Poem* ... 34
JOHN CIARDI

The Cruelest Decision 35
KERMIT EBY

The Dark That Was Here ..... *a Poem* ... 42
ELI SIEGEL

This Is Puerto Rico 43
T. SWANN HARDING

Neeeded for Liberalism: A New Metaphysics and a New Program 55
D. W. GOTSHALK

Yes, It Was the Era of New Erewhon ..... *a Poem* ... 64
HAROLD WITT

The Advancement of Learning ..... *a Story* ... 65
CHARLES KAPLAN

Confession and Return 76
MURRAY HAUSKNECHT

Wilsonian Idealist: Walter Lippmann Goes to War 87
HEINZ EULAU

The American Novel—the Short Course 109
WAYNE CARVER

The Gallic War and the Tired Elk ..... *a Reminiscence* ... 119
SAMUEL YELLEN

Books 124
H. L. TREFOUSSE

VOLUME XIV MARCH, 1954 NUMBER 1

Copyright 1954 by The Antioch Review, Incorporated, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Contributions to The Antioch Review may not be reprinted in whole or in part without the permission of the Editors.

Editors' Shop Talk

We take our text from Geoffrey Wagner's article (which starts on the facing page): "I am merely trying to restore balance and seriousness to the situation." Mr. Wagner is discussing contemporary American painting. Can anyone suggest a single subdivision of today's arts and today's critical thought in which "merely trying to etc., etc." would be irrelevant?

Since its inception, *The Antioch Review* has had, as one of its basic purposes, the building of bridges of understanding between layman and specialist, and between various kinds of specialists. We have believed—and continue to believe—that it is vital for a democratic society to maintain a broadly-based interchange of learning, opinion, and interpretation. And that a healthy culture has a minimum of discontinuity between its common life and its creators and thinkers. What is *not* healthy is that large areas of value, of taste, or of understanding should be fenced-off as exclusive hunting-grounds—whether in the name of art, literary criticism, religious absolutism, Americanism, or science. As we all share in the basic experiences of life and death, so we all have a stake in the growth and application of knowledge and the formulation of values.

In this issue of the *Review*, both Mr. Wagner's article on modern art and Wayne Carver's comments on literary criticism and creation are attempts, it seems to us, to cut through the tight little enclosures which tend to make private property of what should be the open range. One of our objectives as an editorial board has been phrased as "putting the social sciences in the public domain." Also the arts, the humanities, and any other categories of human concern which come to hand.

It isn't necessary (nor possible) for the citizen in a democracy to know all, or decide all. What *is* essential, it seems to us, is that the total, overall judgments and value-choices of the individual be respected and be heard. This comes close to being the moral core of democratic society. It is being eroded, not only by demagogues and mass-manipulators, but by overanxious liberals, by specialists who see little beyond their own bean-patches, and by intellectuals who equate verbal facility with wisdom.

A magazine such as this one can do a needed job if it constantly searches for the kinds of writing and thinking which tie together what is diverging, and relate terminal exfoliation back to its roots in human needs. An unlimited cultural pluralism runs some risk of becoming no culture at all. F.C.

The New American Painting

By GEOFFREY WAGNER

NOT LONG AGO a cartoon appeared in *The New Yorker* showing eight or nine art students engaged in a life-class. All but one were producing unrecognizable distortions of the model: the one exception, however, was drawing an exact likeness and over him the art teacher was resentfully bent: "I'm afraid you have a long way to go," ran the caption.

There are roughly two styles of abstraction in America today. The first is generally called "nonobjective." It is geometrical and cerebral and largely housed in the Guggenheim Museum in New York. It derives from the aesthetic of Wilhelm Worringer and Theodor Lipps, and was much praised in its early stages by T. E. Hulme. Briefly, Worringer proposed four kinds of aesthetic man: primitive, oriental, classical, and "Gothic." Primitive art, Worringer argued, was a retraction from experience, the reduction of a chaotic outside world to formal order: it was characterized by rigidity and the hard line. Oriental art (including that of the Egyptian orient) was this art raised to great heights, since here man acknowledged a supernatural destiny and expressed an acceptance of, rather than hostility towards, the higher forces. Yet to the Egyptian, the Japanese print-maker (and, for Hulme, to the Byzantine artist too) art only existed in its removal from life, its intelligent ordering of our disharmonious days, accomplished by the hard outline. (What a cool vacuum it is, for instance, inside which Mondrian prefers to pass his days.) With classical man, however, the rot set in for Worringer. Man harmonized with

---

GEOFFREY WAGNER got his undergraduate degrees at Christ Church, Oxford, and his Ph.D. at Columbia. He is the author of two volumes of poetry and a selection of translations of Baudelaire (New Directions), and three novels (Simon and Schuster). He has a study of popular culture in America, entitled *Parade of Pleasure*, to be published by Verschoyle in London this spring. He writes occasionally from this country for *The Manchester Guardian*, *The New Statesman and Nation*, and *The Spectator*.

his universe, began to adore nature, and to produce an art expressive of its forms. We get "empathy"—we actually start *enjoying* art!

What is especially interesting in this analysis at the moment is that Worringer remarked that the hard line, observable in primitive and oriental art, was a result of the will, whereas the line in late- and post-Renaissance painting was more a result of the senses, "organic." "Gothic" art, by which Worringer broadly defined the modern period, is marked by a line that continues that of the living body. And here we reach the second style of abstraction on view in America today, namely that of the drip, splash, gouge, spray, or rub-a-dub school, whose practitioners never cease to talk about the "organic" nature of their painting and who, since they avowedly attempt to prolong the human act on to canvas, have been termed "action" painters. Their Dean, of course, is Jackson Pollock, nor is his office an entirely secular one either, for, as Harold Rosenberg writes, in his article "The American Action Painters" in a recent issue of *Art News*, "the new movement is, with the majority of the painters, essentially a religious movement." Behind Dean Pollock looms the form of Willem deKooning, a high priest somewhat in disgrace these days since he has introduced a goitrous female into his latest executions, and as acolytes perhaps, Robert Motherwell, Theodor Stamos, Richard Posouette-Dart, and Jack Tworkov.

Now of course it is true that the "nonobjective" painting also strives, in the words of Hilla Rebay, late director of the Museum of Non-Objective Art, to "create the absolute with no intellectual relationship to the materialistic side of earth," but it is the new "action" boys who, we are told, are the real *avant-garde*. Some critics have already contested this assertion, Lincoln Kirstein pointing to the immediate popularity and sensationalism of the new abstractionists ("interior decorators" for him) with their command of the galleries and adjacent publicity media. Maurice Grosser, in his unpopular book *The Painter's Eye*, also put the point of view that there was little to disturb the heartbeat of a flea in Messrs. Motherwell, Pollock, or Arshile Gorky:

> With these painters, the surface tension of the painting, and not its composition, becomes the subject-matter of their pictures. The paint is applied according to the strictest discipline of spontaneity, even sometimes according to a discipline of accident. But in spite of these painters' aspirations to

> modernity, the only thing systematically novel about these pictures is their large size. The painting methods employed are the standard Modern techniques, as these are practiced in the better art schools and colleges. The pictures themselves, which usually bear either a poetic title or an opus number, are striking, principally for their elaborate surfaces produced by spattering, pouring and other standard methods of improvisation. The canvases are mostly quite large, so as to be as conspicuous as possible in exhibitions. The attitude behind this art seems to be conservative. The chief element of surprise or shock about it is the fact that the painters themselves seem to believe that they are doing something new. But their very celebrity hints at the contrary. It is precisely the success of their work in official and academic circles that permits it to be distributed by the advertising machinery developed some thirty years ago for the use of Modern Art. A newer painting would not yet have such news value nor such a public.

The general public in America, of course, often sees this painting as advanced, being as it is so far removed from recognizable reality. This leads to comic attacks on "action" art, as when City Councilmen in Los Angeles a year or so ago actually went on record as damning an extreme abstraction on the grounds that it might be, in fact, a secret map of United States fortifications. This sort of thing, which does not displease the gallery owners concerned, gives a kind of spurious validity to the claims of "action" painters to be *avant-garde*.

Mr. Grosser wrote the above statement some time before Mr. Rosenberg's article. Yet we find Mr. Rosenberg championing everything his critic challenges. "Tension" is the leit-motif, "spontaneity" the rubric of this new passion—tension created, that is, not resolved; that would require too much effort altogether: "The tension of the private myth is the content of every painting of this vanguard." And lest one should imagine Mr. Grosser partisan in his remarks about the size of "action" paintings, one need only turn up the simultaneous and independent comments made by Howard Devree, of the New York *Times*, and by Emily Genauer of the New York *Herald Tribune*, on October 18 last in reviewing the Whitney Annual. Here is Mr. Devree:

> Ad Reinhardt (whose canvas looks like unfinished hand-blocked wall paper), Philip Guston and Louis Schanker could hardly have made scantier, more tentative statements, in such oversize examples.

And Miss Genauer, of the same "action" group:

> Ad Reinhardt has taken about thirty square feet of canvas to paint an exercise exploring the relationships of several small squares of varying blue-green to a flat blue ground. . . . There were others in which there is no sound at all, the painters having gone so far in their efforts at "purification" that virtually nothing remains (Tworkov, Guston, Schanker).

Reinhardt's friend, Thomas Hess, whose criticism we are able to see quite often in the periodical of which he is editor, *Art News*, calls his pal's picture in this Whitney, however, "a literally brilliant screen of flashing lights and invisible rectangles." Likening this whole Whitney exhibition to the "satisfactory, well-meaning dignity" of "the present Washington administration" (?!), Mr. Hess writes an adulatory article on Reinhardt in the December *Art News*. Frankly confessing of his work that "it is difficult to discuss these paintings in a relevant way, because they are not meant to relate to anything," Mr. Hess relates the painter's views to "a traditionally Marxist concept of historical inevitability." What is particularly cheap is to draw James Joyce in to support a comedian like Reinhardt. Mr. Hess talks of Stephen's "trinity of wholeness, radiance, and harmony" (that of Aquinas, incidentally), yet the burden, the point, of Stephen's conversation with Lynch, reinforced as it is by Joyce's Paris notebooks given by Herbert Gorman, is to stress the *intellectual* apprehension of beauty. There is no doubt but that the early Joyce would have loathed the "sham-experimental cabotinage" of the new abstract painting, as Wyndham Lewis called it in an article on "The end of abstract art" in the *New Republic* for April 1, 1940, an article succeeded by what can only be called a piece of vitriolic personal abuse in the form of a letter from Ad Reinhardt himself.

The confessed *philosophe* of the "new" painting, however, is Clement Greenberg. Now Mr. Greenberg is sometimes so subtle that it is hard to interpret him perfectly, and he is not above direct contradictions; almost simultaneously, in *The Magazine of Art* and *Partisan Review*, he finds the Pollock school of abstraction both "corresponding to" and "beyond" the taste of our time. We should not, "if we are to be honest," be deterred by these occasional prevarications (dictated by the temper of the periodicals concerned perhaps?), as we should not by Mr. Greenberg's somewhat special pleading—he once assured me, in the course of a very few minutes, that Pollock was as great as Michelangelo and that he himself could draw like Ingres whenever he wished.

His point of view seems to be conveniently stated, however, in his

admirable book on Joan Miró. In a brief introduction Mr. Greenberg is dogmatic on two points: rejection of Renaissance "Naturalism" and insistence that the art of the twentieth century is "flat." At all points he is opposed to illusion and perspective. He is, for instance, glad that "the painters of Paris uprooted Renaissance naturalism and internationalized Western painting"—though nothing more international at the time could be imagined than Renaissance art, and in any case the internationalism Mr. Greenberg admires is doubtless a political, as much as an aesthetic, value. "The more exclusive canons of Renaissance art," he goes on, "refused to sanction anything that did not conform immediately to a rational naturalism." So much does this critic detest any form of illusion in modern art that he was lately led to a bitter attack on Ben Shahn, one that Selden Rodman calls "patronizingly contemptuous" and which, in the interests of charity, it would be kindest not to quote. But in general terms Shahn is assailed here for being a "photographer," the charge that forms at once like a foam on the lips of these epileptic rhetoricians. And Shahn, incidentally, was also attacked by Mr. Greenberg in 1947 for working too much in black and white, though five years later the same critic was to praise Pollock ("a newer and loftier triumph") for this very quality! Similarly Thomas Hess seems able to revile what he calls "Realstraction" (the tentative imposition of a figure on an abstract background) one day, while the next he applauds his own favorites for doing the same. Henry McBride, meanwhile, another official critic of the abstract academy, a much more catholic one but equally excitable at times, made the suggestion that Shahn might be deported. Thus, if we are to exclude malice, it is surely a simple matter of the flat surface.

For Mr. Greenberg the contemporary School of Paris introduced this flat, two-dimensional approach as the premise of all modern painting. "The truly modern work of art" must "confess itself a flat surface." Of Cubism he approves "of the flat picture and of the fruitfulness of the limitations it was imposing on more and more of twentieth-century painting." He repeats this point again and again; modern painting, and Alfred Barr would seem to agree, is "an irrevocably two-dimensional medium." (Paint chemists, incidentally, sometimes contend that the dropping of the third dimension in modern art is partially due to the lack of knowledge of capable mediums.)

Now I am not quarreling with the thesis that the greatest painters

of our times have tended to work in this direction, though, as an aside, I would enter the comment that the entirely contemporary artist, "corresponding to" the taste of his time, is likely to be an interpretive, rather than creative genius. But it is having a quite devastating effect on art schools, for the formal tools a painter must at some time acquire are not two-dimensional only. It is one thing to admire Miró, as I do intensely, it is another to *propagate* the flat surface. Consequently, a listlessness of vision is accompanying most of the technical expertise on view in our galleries, as the new Mussolinis go splay-foot through the grasses.

"Automatism as a source of invention" is what Mr. Greenberg admires, and "the exploitation of the accidental, which he [Miró] provokes in all sorts of ways: by playing with his materials, by freeing his observation from conscious control." Mr. Greenberg wrote these words in 1948. How many times have they been repeated since, as a glib alibi for the second-rate? In *possibilities 1* (1949) Mr. Pollock produces the same antique idea as the current cliché of "getting away from the easel":

> I continue to get further away from the usual painter's tools, such as easel, palette, brushes, etc. I prefer sticks, trowels, knives and dripping fluid paint or a heavy impasto with sand, broken glass and other foreign matter added.

Lee Mullican, another painter of this school, is reported in *Art News* for October 1953 in almost identical terms:

> To approach a canvas in the pristine state of mind Mullican finds necessary, he disengages himself from specific associations of any kind. If the painting is to emerge at all, chances are it will do so during the moment of initial attack when he brings to it an uncontaminated frame of mind. Consequently he avoids such preliminary chores as cleaning brushes, scraping down his palette or stocking up on pigments. If his brushes have not been cleaned and are stiff, he will use a rag. If the rags are soiled he may dab paint on the canvas directly from the tube.

And if he has forgotten to buy any tubes of paint at all, may I add, he is still in the clear with *Art News*, as the following quotation from Mr. Rosenberg shows:

> Form, color, composition, drawing, are auxiliaries, any one of which, or practically all, as has been attempted, logically, ***with unpainted canvases***

> . . . can be dispensed with. What matters is the revelation contained in the act. (My italics.)

These humorless articles, that appear with such doctrinaire regularity in the pages of *Art News*, would not be worth worrying about, even for their obvious efforts to hustle museums into acquisition of "action" painting (for naturally enough collectors have to be coerced into buying fugitive paintings), if they were not a very grave symptom. I mean they are diagnostic of an uncivilized condition. It is odd, is it not, that there is so little "action" art in Europe today? Or is it? Europeans have seen rather too much "action" on the boards of history of late, I believe, to be happy with the emotionalism and reversion, not to mention "the pristine state of mind," of "action" painting. For the political parallels are there, right enough, in both painter and critic. Franz Kline, for instance, who is presently streaking large areas of once-white canvas with a few merry smacks from a brush loaded with housepainter's black, writes of his works (as reported by his colleague Robert Goodnough): "to change them merely out of technical consideration would be inconsistent—the emotional results count and not intellectual afterthoughts." Introducing a recent show of his own painting Rudolf Ray writes:

> We have in us the most subtle particles which are free-est from material dependency and not accessible to intellect. The intellect is too rough an instrument to catch them. . . . I have long used these energies in creating my paintings, inspired only by instinct and intuition. . . . Feeling and thinking are one.

Are they indeed! But the same attack on intellectualism can also be found in Louis Danz' recent *Dynamic Dissonance in Nature and the Arts* (Farrar, Straus and Young), a work eulogized by Mr. Rosenberg in *The Saturday Review*: here life conquers art with a well-nigh bloodthirsty zeal—"the artist must deny the very existence of mind." Were not the "action" painters of this country at a recent Biennale praised by an American journal for "the fervor of their anti-humanism"? It is in the same spirit that Larry Campbell, another dangerously emotional painter-critic in the *Art News* horse-opera, jeers at a young painter who enjoys painting people—"The slogan remains the inherent dignity of the common man." Of course—not such a bad slogan, some of us seem to feel, after all.

It must be admitted that the majority of New York art critics simply cannot understand that spontaneity is a matter of vision. Surface whirls, whorls, gouges, drips, not to mention "invisible rectangles," are of course merely "gimmicks," technique attempting to compensate for a fundamental emptiness of the soul. If a realist painter finishes a work, or makes a complete statement, the art-herd screams back "SLICK!" It is indeed significant that it is the emptiest and most banal realists (like Vickrey, Stuempfig, or Sharrer, their figures more limply cavorting each season) who are taken seriously by the *Art News* dogmatists. Henry Koerner, too, with his flaccid brushstrokes, is an example of realist vulgarity so awful one rubs one's eyes to see him hung on gallery walls at all; and perhaps he would not be, if it were not for the virtual sponsoring of his work by *Time* magazine. No, the well-shod hacks in Mr. Gruskin's Midtown stable are not the new realists, and *Art News*'s love of the moribund and superannuated is nowhere better exemplified than its decayed choice of "better" realism —when it allows such expression at all. Yet, in an underground resistance movement, good realist work is emerging. The Durlacher Gallery knows something about painting, as does the Edwin Hewitt Gallery, and here alone we may find the formal and assured, rather than the fragmentary and unfinished, the pseudo-spontaneous. We may find the line affirmed, rather than dissipated. We may even find in such galleries as these that compromising emotion, joy, an authentic emotion after all. For have we not reached some fantastic critical conceit when a good realist like Colleen Browning has to *apologize* for presenting beauty? "I have enjoyed the last years very much," she is quoted by *Newsweek* (January 25, 1954) as saying, "and I'm afraid it shows through." In the Renaissance, just as tragic as our times, no artist was "afraid" of painting happiness. But the abstract boys have a "corner" in *Angst*, have they not? It happens to sell. Let's face it— *Angst-in-the-Pangst* is "in" these days.

Now it would not matter if these pseudo-highbrow clowns, performing a sort of *danse macabre* of the art of centuries for a scattering of socialites, would keep to themselves. No, they must inflict their pretensions not only upon us, but upon the outside world in the name of American art. The very hectoring tone of *Art News*, the contradictions, the constant retreat to terms like "emotion," "intuition," "pristine," "explosive," "forceful," "dynamic," show how unsure of

themselves they are (while the constant plugging of their own staff's painting by *Art News* is a less honest instance of this tendency, I should have thought). So, as we may see in any contemporary annual, surface energy and ingenuity must compensate for spiritual fatigue and inner emptiness. Spontaneity becomes genius. The laboratory experiment is validated by the fact that it is experiment. Only the new is authentic; Mr. Rosenberg says as much—"the only thing that counts for modern art is that a work shall be NEW." In short, infatuation with the past fifty years of art is having a devastating effect on our painting.

It is interesting to compare the artistic, with the literary, *avant-garde* in America today, for in the latter a high degree of craft and of this hated "conscious control" obtains. Could you imagine the equivalent of Ad Reinhardt in poetry getting an appointment to Yale? Would it be conceivable to have the literary equivalent of the Hofmann School, where the overthrow of traditional techniques is a dogma and the celebrated lecture *The Function of the Drip* was said to be until lately a required credit? Compare the expressed intelligence of Mr. Rosenberg with that of his fellow-teachers in the other arts at the New School. And Thomas Hess calls Hofmann's paintings "scholarly."

Form, composition, spatial and plastic construction are at a very low ebb in American art today. Francis Bacon has called this a situation of "pure intuition and luck and taking advantage of what happens when you splash the stuff down." In the face of their public statements, the critics and practitioners of the new American painting can scarcely deny that those painters who are still stubbornly insisting on learning about the formal techniques of their craft are in a minority. Even the meek English critic Michael Middleton was led to protest the abstract academicism of the American offerings at a recent Biennale. At the start of last season I counted eighty-one New York galleries, showing contemporary art, of which only seven were exhibiting painting that could be called realist in the loosest sense. What happens? Trained by their abstract teachers, and confronted with a market-place hostile to anything outside abstract distortion, the young students excusably turn into model exempla of run-of-the-mill abstraction. What is more, the national salons and fellowship donors sedulously encourage abstract distortion and ugliness. Very few prizes are won by realist works at

leading annuals, while beautiful paintings are severely handicapped. The Tiffany Foundation has recently rejected Honoré Sharrer, George Tooker, and Colleen Browning, three young realists under thirty with a considerable record of national and international exhibition, in favor of doctrinaire abstractionists. Thus one can scarcely blame the student for painting his pseudo-Pollocks, his cock-eyed deKoonings. Why, even Macy's furniture floor runs a line of Pollock fakes: not, however, of Shahn fakes. And then a sincerely concerned museum director, like Mr. Hermon More of the Whitney, comes along, surveys the field, and tells the *Time* art editor that he sees very little realism around, and so cannot in all conscience represent much of it in his annual.

It will of course be said that I am preaching realism. I am doing nothing of the kind. I am merely trying to restore balance and seriousness to the situation. For the antics of the Parsons and Kootz galleries are precisely what the public is looking for as an excuse not to take modern art seriously, and thus they do immense damage to all American painting. The complete overthrow of traditional techniques in the hands of a master may be rewarding enough, but the master usually approaches tradition in a spirit of curiosity. Sometimes, after all, there are one or two items of value lodged in a cultural tradition, else it would not have become a tradition. But, as we see it now, as exemplified by those whose real function in society is, I suggest, something between an artistic shine-boy and a rather embittered automobile engineer, the current form of anti-traditionalism is scarcely something to gloat over, let alone boast about in the name of our national artistic reputation. Yet with characteristic lack of humility the new painters hurl their hats into the air over this latter-day capitulation to the savage and enslavement to the instinctual. Hofmann, Pollock, and Kline seem ecstatic at the undreamed-of possibilities of philistinism opened up by "action" art ("I always seem to be wrapped in the melodrama of vulgarity," crows deKooning, with justice), while the hired hacks frisk after them, Mr. Greenberg neighing with glee as rule after rule is flung out the window and Thomas Hess "fixing" the track with a smirk (Mr. Campbell wheezing gainfully, with the gravity that becomes his years, in the rear). The declared enemy of all these is "mind," "intelligence," "control." And yet it is just these faculties from which the adulated quality of inventiveness really springs; it is a far sterner imaginative challenge, requires a far greater

effort of the aesthetic powers, for the painter to apply himself to the sensible world today. To say nothing of the fact that once it was a privilege to paint a man. As an eminent English critic has recently observed, a section of a brown check dressing robe is invariably less interesting than a man in a section of a brown check dressing robe.

In the event, a flood of amateur art of colossal proportions, dignified into dilettantism by the art press, is swamping the American scene. The schools are crowded. The galleries burst at their seams. The museums groan under larger and larger canvases. The art world has never seen the like of this before. *Everyone can be an "action" painter!* Come on. Join now. It's fun. Let's go. If a critic, some relic from the bad old days of law and order like Stuart Preston of the New York *Times*, say, mildly reproves you, take no notice (beyond, perhaps, a scurrilous denunciatory letter). His opinion is worth no more than that of the cab-driver who drove you up to the plutocratic Parsons morgue. Everyone is entitled to his own opinion in front of a work of art. It affects you one way, me another. And anyway the "action" painter has invented what Mr. Rosenberg tactfully describes as the "fluid value."

No one dares say so, but "action" painting, encouraged by interested critics, fostered by some all-too-innocent museums, creamed to a lather by the constant publicity given it in the glossy press of Luce, *Look*, and *Vogue* (where Cecil Beaton's models lounge against a Pollock wall), has betrayed contemporary painting in our country in a big way. Pollock and the Kootz gang have almost personally put back our painting some thirty years or so. The gorillas are upon us all right. Speciously "highbrow," openly anti-humanitarian, this is the art of roughnecks for whom the creative instinct is a veritable *bête noire* and most of whose ideas, I suggest, might politely be given the bum's rush. Or, as Baudelaire put it,

> voilà ce que c'est de venir dans un temps où il est reçu de croire quel'inspiration suffit et remplace le reste: . . . voilà l'abime où mène la course désordonnée de Mazeppa.

Eugene O'Neill

By N. BRYLLION FAGIN

In the death of Eugene O'Neill, American drama lost its most famous representative. There certainly can be no question of the width of his reputation: his plays have been produced in all the theatre centers in Europe and Asia; he was the only American playwright ever to win a Nobel Prize in literature; and there is hardly a study of modern drama—popular history or learned monograph—emanating from Europe or America which does not devote a chapter or at least a considerable number of pages to O'Neill and his works.

I have been careful to emphasize the "width" of his reputation rather than its quality. For while the former is a fact, easily verifiable, the latter is, and has been for many years, a subject for confused and intemperate discussion. Immediately after the announcement of his winning the Nobel Prize, in 1936, Bernard DeVoto, at the time editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, published a "Minority Report" in which he vehemently rejected the judgment of the Nobel Prize Committee and took issue with the majority of American drama critics who approved that judgment. O'Neill, he admitted, was "the author of some extremely effective pieces for the theatre," "a fine playwright," but one "who is not sufficiently endowed with . . . qualities to be a great dramatist." Mr. DeVoto charged O'Neill with a lack of "profundity, subtlety, and distinguished imagination."

Since DeVoto's "Minority Report" the climate of critical opinion has become increasingly hostile to O'Neill. In 1946 Eric Bentley published a brilliant but highly-opinionated book called *The Playwright as Thinker*. His discussion of O'Neill culminated in the conclusion that "O'Neill seems profound and turns out on further inspection to be silly" and that "He has yet to show us that he has a mind." In justice to Bentley it must be stated that when, in 1952, he took another look

---

N. Bryllion Fagin, regularly Associate Professor of English and Drama at the Johns Hopkins University, is this year Visiting Professor of English at the University of Rochester. He is at work on a book about Dostoevsky.

at O'Neill, his tone was much milder. He still didn't like him but he felt impelled to admit that "At one time [O'Neill] performed a historic function, that of helping the American theatre grow up. In all his plays an earnest attempt is made to interpret life; this fact in itself places O'Neill above his predecessors in American drama and beside his colleagues in the novel and poetry" ("Trying to Like O'Neill," *The Kenyon Review*, Summer, 1952). And on the off-print of the article which Bentley was kind enough to send me I found the inscription: "Hope I am wrong."

It is significant that his article should have appeared in a periodical which is edited by one of the founders of the New Criticism. It is clear from articles which have been published in other journals devoted to the writings of this newer movement in American criticism that Eugene O'Neill is not a congenial subject for the thought processes and methodology of the New Critics. He is as different from Yeats, Eliot and Fry as Rostand's *Cyrano* is from Hauptmann's *The Weavers*. In the critical climate which the New Critics have been influential in establishing—and which the still newer critics have somewhat modified but not essentially changed—O'Neill's shortcomings loom larger than they are and his virtues are either diminished or totally obscured.

II

It seems paradoxical that a man who is believed to have been immature intellectually and artistically could have helped the American theatre to grow up. But it would be fruitless to engage in philosophical and aesthetic polemics or to attempt to arrive at some definition of "intellect" and "art." For the record, it is more important to examine the "historic function" which O'Neill performed. It is very likely that the historical moment at which O'Neill appeared—a moment when our theatre desperately needed a serious playwright—was responsible for our early overvaluation of his talent and led, ultimately, to our recent undervaluation of it.

The second decade of the twentieth century was a period of wonderful efflorescence in the European theatre. The end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth had ushered in a widespread revolt against the commercial theatre and the formation of creative groups which thrilled the intellectual and artistic circles all

over Europe. The Théâtre Libre, the Freie Bühne, the Moscow Art Theatre, the London Stage Society, the Abbey Players had created a completely new theatre with high ideals, new conceptions of playwriting, acting and production, and had produced new techniques, technicians, directors, actors, and at least a dozen dramatists of power and imagination—Becque, Hauptmann, Chekhov, Shaw, Yeats, Synge. . . . By the middle of the 1910's these dramatists, along with Ibsen, Strindberg, and Tolstoy, were firmly established in the repertories of the "new" theatre and began to spread their fame and influence in America.

But the whole development of the American theatre—its traditions, ideals, and methods of organization and operation—was against insurgency, highbrowism, literariness. Our theatre began late, in 1767, with a pseudo-Elizabethan tragedy, continued with a pseudo-*School for Scandal* type of comedy in 1787, and remained largely pseudo and imitative until the early years of the twentieth century. During a period of a hundred and fifty years we produced no drama of real significance either in form or content; instead, our theatre dedicated itself to the business of amusing a public that made few demands upon it. And, in the main, our theatre public still makes but few demands; it wants amusement, a sentimental plot, "bright" but cliché-studded dialogue, a happy ending, the familiar and obvious.

Drama as a serious reflection of the innermost thoughts of man and as a form of artistic expression was slow in developing. The stage in a Puritan community is always at a disadvantage; it cannot be permitted to disturb us with sensuousness, with passion and with joy. Nor does the stage flourish more vigorously in a pioneer community: it cannot be permitted to disturb us with introspection, with brooding and questioning and pessimism. If, in such societies, it has any function at all it is to provide entertainment for the moment, to help us relax, to make us pack up our troubles in the old kitbag, and to induce smiles. American drama until the emergence of O'Neill had little or nothing in common with the dramatic tradition of Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière, Ibsen, and Chekhov. It produced slick confections for the tired and the bored. The theatre was, and largely still is, a business, a traffic in synthetic emotions and naïve ideas, in glittering showpieces full of speed and noise signifying nothing.

No doubt this brief summary is oversimplified. Here and there an

individual American playwright attempted to do the brave and the unique, but he was so rare that his effort may with fairness be left out of the general survey. It was only with the coming of widespread rebellion against the commercial theatre that the new playwright appeared. It took almost two decades after the formation of free theatres in France, Germany, England, Ireland, and Russia before we, too, developed an insurgent theatre—a rash of little groups performing in attics and cellars, in barns and dingy labor halls, and, finally, in colleges and churches. These ventures were frankly amateur; they did not all produce great plays or discover great talents, but even the less creative groups were dedicated to the idea that drama can be a cultural force in our lives and an art form of power and beauty.

And it was out of one of these theatres that Eugene O'Neill emerged. His first plays, brief one-acters, were produced by the Provincetown Players, a group of writers and artists many of whom later made their mark in American theatrical and literary history: George Cram Cook, Susan Glaspell, Floyd Dell, Max Eastman, Harry Kemp, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Theron Bamberger, Wilbur Daniel Steele, James Light, John Reed, Maxwell Bodenheim, Rollo Peters. . . . It was to Provincetown that O'Neill brought his early sea-stories in dramatic form, somber evocations of mood and reflection. And it was the Provincetown group that first produced his longer plays in the awkward, uncomfortable little theatre in Macdougal Alley in New York.

In the twenty years between 1916, when the Provincetown Players first produced "Bound East for Cardiff" by an unknown American dramatist, and 1936, when the Nobel Prize Committee bestowed upon that same dramatist, now world famous, the highest honor to which a writer can aspire, Eugene O'Neill turned out thirty-eight plays, captured the Pulitzer Prize three times, achieved membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and gained an honorary Doctor of Literature degree from Yale. "Bound East for Cardiff," it is now clear, marked the appearance on the American stage of a writer with a true sense of tragedy. Susan Glaspell, who had watched a performance of the little play, later stated that she had never sat before a more moving production. The effect still holds, for most of us. The impact of the episode of the death of an American sailor at sea, somewhere between New York and Cardiff, is tragic in the Sophoclean

sense; there is nothing to be said about death in the fog, with the sailors telling jokes and reminiscing of their own lives. Life makes its own comment and even amidst death has its own fascination. There is something majestic, something of the quality of Melville's *Moby Dick*, in this early dramalet.

In 1920 O'Neill's first full-length play, *Beyond the Horizon*, reached New York. George Jean Nathan has praised it for "honest realism filtered through a poetic impulse." And, indeed, compared with the stale "realism" of the Augustus Thomases and the David Belascos, *Beyond the Horizon* brought to Broadway something of the freshness of the New England hills. The story of an artist trapped by his love for a woman into becoming a farmer and of a farmer forced, by the same ironical fate, into becoming a sailor, a romantic voyager, had in it a relentless "naturalistic" logic which was new to our stage. It was a dark, brooding play, lighted by poetic overtones. To be sure, it also had—or so it appears to us now, almost thirty-five years later—many patches of purple writing. It was the work of a very young man, but of an unmistakably talented and fearless young man. It won a Pulitzer award and the acclaim of that portion of the theatre public which had hitherto found honesty and poetic imagination only in the plays of such Europeans as Strindberg and John Millington Synge. What the general public—brought up on Pollyanna trifles—thought of it is perhaps indicated by the comment of O'Neill's father after seeing the play. He turned to his son with the question: "Are you trying to send your audience home to commit suicide?"

III

The question was not entirely without justification. O'Neill has been relentlessly serious, solemn, and somber. In the thirty-odd plays he has left us, mere sobriety at times substitutes for tragic eloquence. Yet the high seriousness with which he approached his themes, his characters, and the art of playwriting has been of incalculable benefit to the American drama. Endowed with creative energy, intellectually and artistically restless and experimental, he completely ignored the stereotypes of our stage and struck out with a kind of sullen enthusiasm against the popular old forms which he undertook to replace with new ones. But, wisely enough, he did not turn his back upon the past. He

avidly read plays, studied the masters, and used for his own purposes what he found in them. The Greeks taught him as much as Freud; and Ibsen and Wedekind and, above all, Strindberg, contributed greatly to his development. He was a naturalist, an expressionist, a classicist, a symbolist, and even a surrealist. He used masks and choruses, pageantry and a bare stage, verse and prose, soliloquies and asides, drabness and vivid colors. Not always successfully, to be sure, but nearly always excitingly and stimulatingly.

Beyond the Horizon was a realistic play. So was *Anna Christie*, produced the next year; it brought him the Pulitzer Prize a second time. Both plays employed the conventional division into acts, realistic dialogue, and the usual mechanics of plotting. But both plays also employed symbolism, especially *Anna Christie*, in which "dat devil sea," the fog and fog horns become instruments of Fate. From a content point of view *Anna* marks O'Neill's plunge into sociological drama. His heroine is a victim of social forces, like Stephen Crane's Maggie, and Anna's regeneration by her pure love for Matt Burke is an old device; yet altogether, this play, like *Beyond the Horizon*, was a solid, effective drama, although somewhat overrated at the time.

On the other hand, O'Neill's expressionistic dramas were at the time, and still are, underrated. *Emperor Jones*, for instance, has far greater value as both drama and theatre, and even sociology, than *Anna Christie*. It is a study of the tragic history of the Negro race, presented through the mind of a panic-driven fugitive lost in a primitive jungle. The history of his race is portrayed in reverse, tableau after tableau, as he is hounded by the natives whose beating tom-toms are as insistent as the beat in his blood. As his fear mounts his acquired civilization sloughs off until at the end he abjectly crouches before an idol. The play is actually an extended monologue but it has an elemental power, the intensity of a superb imagination. For American drama it is a landmark. Never had our stage seen anything so experimental; and it is still a memorable experiment.

Four years later he wrote another play about the Negro, *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, again in the expressionistic medium. It deals with the marriage of a white girl and a Negro boy. The couple spend their honeymoon in Europe and return happy and hopeful of their future. But six months later, their American environment having frowned upon them, they find that the very walls of their living room have

shrunken in and the ceiling has lowered itself upon them. Their inner feeling is objectified by the narrowed stage setting. It was a brave play both in form and subject matter. O'Neill was apparently more interested in the psychological effect of social disapproval and persecution on the couple itself than he was in attacking race prejudice as such. Under the lash of a hostile world the two lovers turn upon each other, hurt and torture each other, and, finally, the white girl attempts to kill her colored husband. When for a moment she regains sanity and asks forgiveness, her husband answers: "Maybe God can forgive what you've done to me; and maybe He can forgive what I've done to you; but I don't see how He's going to forgive—Himself." These words must be accepted as O'Neill's comment on the whole tragedy of man's abysmal divisiveness.

The expressionism which served O'Neill so well in *All God's Chillun* takes on a more elaborate form in *The Hairy Ape*. This is the only other play in which O'Neill attempted to have his say on the problem of labor and capital, only to prove to the world, and evidently to himself, that sociological drama was not his strong point. If the play still has dramatic validity it is by virtue of the scenes in the stokehold of the modern steamer—scenes that are alive with sailor men and sailor talk—rather than by virtue of O'Neill's contribution to our understanding of the class struggle. The story of Yank, the stoker, who proceeds to investigate where he belongs in this modern world which is run by steam rather than human muscle, is dramatic only in so far as it portrays the conflict between the inmates of the stokehold and the passengers on the upper deck. It was in this play that O'Neill employed masks to objectify the lack of individual features in the faces of the gentlemen and ladies of the upper class as seen by the awakening Yank. And it was in this play that O'Neill employed a gorilla in a cage to symbolize man's inability to return to primitive nature. Yank is unable to go forward and he can't go back. When he tries to shake hands with the gorilla, he is crushed to death. The symbol was neither clear nor particularly apt. Yet the play had power because it was written with conviction, and because its form, though derived from the German expressionists, was completely new in America.

If O'Neill was unfortunate in his choice of symbol in *The Hairy Ape* he was still less fortunate in *Dynamo*. This play dealt with re-

ligion in a world of modern science. The hero can no longer believe in a supernatural Deity; instead he worships the dynamo. It was naïve of an experienced dramatist to ask the public to accept the mammoth monstrosity of iron and steel as an ideological symbol. When the hero knelt in prayer before this awkward piece of machinery the irony miscarried and the audience laughed. Even the willing suspension of disbelief has its limits, and a good playwright must be aware of them.

The Great God Brown marks the heights of expressionism reached by O'Neill. Written between *The Hairy Ape* and *Dynamo*, this play will perhaps in time establish itself as O'Neill's greatest tragedy. It is a difficult play, and although it ran a year when it was first produced in 1926, it is still too difficult for the stage. It is useless, of course, to inquire why a play has a long run in New York, or, for that matter, why a play fails to run at all. At any rate, *The Great God Brown*, like T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, made critics and the public talk; everyone wanted to know what it meant, until O'Neill himself published an explanatory article in the New York *Post* (February 13, 1926). In spite of its limited stageworthiness, it remains a profound lyrical and philosophical work in dramatic form. Like Goethe's *Faust* and Ibsen's *Brand*, it contains the author's weightiest expression of his philosophy of life, is a mature comment on man and his aspiration, and is an impassioned, self-lacerating confession of an inner conflict between pessimism and faith.

It tells the story of two friends, Dion Anthony and William A. Brown. As boys in high school they both love the same girl, Margaret; Dion marries her. In Margaret we recognize Faust's Marguerite, "das Ewig-weibliche." Both Dion and Brown are architects, like Ibsen's Masterbuilder Solness; as personalities—and as representatives of American social types—they are poles apart. Brown is solid, respectable, conventional, unimaginative, and easily successful and prosperous. Dion is sensitive, tortured by doubts, conflicts, and rebellions, and is unsuccessful and unhappy. He has won Margaret because there is something eternally appealing in the artist type, something at once weak and defiant, and baffling. Dion, in fact, typifies two forces which are tearing our civilization apart. He is Dionysus, the creative pagan acceptance of life, Nietzsche's Yea-Saying principle, and St. Anthony, the masochistic, life-denying spirit of Christianity saying Nay to life here

and now. It is Dion whom Margaret loves, the mask of the fun-loving playboy; of Anthony, who lives beneath the mask in bleak loneliness, she is afraid.

Brown, too, successful architect though he is, finds frustration. He has lost Margaret to Dion and he is eaten by jealousy of Dion's ability to draw sketches that have an uncanny appeal for certain clients. A few hastily scrawled lines, a mixture of chastity of cornice and column with unholy gargoyles, and the drawing is alive. There are no resources in Brown to compete with such imagination. In the end, however, Dion is exhausted by his inner conflict and comes to Cybel, a kindly prostitute who symbolizes Mother Earth. Only in her presence can he take his mask off and find reassurance. "Remember," she tells him, "it's all a game, and after you're asleep I'll tuck you in." When he dies Brown appropriates his mask and becomes Margaret's husband. But his frustration is thereby only intensified, for he wants to be loved for himself and not for Dion's mask. And, in the end, he too comes to Cybel to die. "Go to sleep, Billy," says Cybel.

> "Yes, Mother. It was dark and I couldn't see where I was going and they all picked on me."
> "I know. You're tired."
> "And when I wake up?"
> "The sun will be rising again."
> "To judge the living and the dead! I don't want justice. I want love."
> "There is only love."

IV

Equally controversial as *The Great God Brown*, though for different reasons, have been O'Neill's enormously lengthy plays, *Strange Interlude*, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, and *The Iceman Cometh*. These three plays are not too difficult to understand but their length has been resented as an imposition upon the theatre public. O'Neill, however, must be absolved. We need only recall Shakespeare's "uncut" *Hamlet* and *King Lear* and Goethe's *Faust* to acknowledge that it is the fault of our public that it cannot sustain the effort of sitting through a play for more than an hour and a half. Our theatre has developed the habit of opening plays at 8:45 and ending them at 10:40, so that commuters may catch their train for Westchester County or Long Island. O'Neill with his intellectual restlessness, his rebellion against anything ex-

traneous that fetters the artist, refused to comply with commercial necessity. Besides, he had intended that his long plays, the first two at least, be produced on three successive nights. That, however, proved too expensive an enterprise.

Strange Interlude fascinated audiences by its bold adaptation of the Elizabethan soliloquy to modern psychological purposes. The story of Nina Leeds, a girl with a guilt complex over her refusal to marry or give herself to the boy she loved before he left for the war, is so full of the breath of life, so brave in the searching of a woman's heart and soul, that Tennessee Williams' study of Blanche Dubois in *A Streetcar Named Desire* seems to be only the work of an apprentice playwright and an adolescent psychologist in comparison. Both girls turn promiscuous, but Nina experiments from a deep inner need, while Blanche's actions can be explained only by dramaturgic pathology. Nina's love for Sam, her husband, for Ned Darrel, her lover, and for good old Charley, the image of her father, has much more in common with the real drama of modern life than Blanche's traumatic haziness and Williams' violence. It seemed strange for a while to hear both the spoken dialogue and the unspoken inner thoughts of the characters, and perhaps the device was not entirely successful—O'Neill never used it again—but it was good for our drama to have the experiment.

And it was good for us to have O'Neill's attempt at a Greek trilogy in our modern, contracted theatre. The great tragedies of the ancients were the product of a certain way of life, and of a faith in the gods who manipulated the plots in which human beings became involved. O'Neill's rewriting of the Agamemnon story in terms of Freud was an exciting event; Christine-Clytemnestra and Orin-Orestes were pretty close approximations. Where O'Neill failed was in the fuzziness of motivation for the behavior of Lavinia-Electra and in his inability to preserve the Greek unities. The fuzziness was probably a result of O'Neill's imperfect assimilation of Freudian theory, but then has any playwright assimilated it judiciously? Moreover, the pattern of the Greeks with its choruses and lyrical interpolations proved a drag. Yet O'Neill succeeded in creating an almost authentic tragedy, even if it is not precisely Greek in mood, incisiveness, and clarity.

Had *The Iceman Cometh* been produced in 1926 instead of 1946 our critics would very likely have received it ecstatically. It is unmistakably the American *Lower Depths*. But the age for that type of

play had, by the middle '40's, passed. Here again were down-and-outers, hoboes and tramps and prostitutes, creatures who once were men, living in their flop house disguised as a tavern and dreaming of regeneration. Yet the fault of their fate, O'Neill seemed to say, was not in the stars but in themselves. However, they had best be left to their illusions, for without illusion neither they, nor anyone else, can live at all. In the meantime what a vivid assortment of outcasts! Stripped of the trappings of respectability and worldly ambition they disclose their essential humanity. Written when O'Neill was already a sick man, the play proved that he had not lost his touch in bringing characters to life, and that his compassion for the downtrodden, the weak and defenseless, those who find life a frightening experience, was still as eloquent as ever.

V

Of necessity, an essay such as this must be limited in scope. One could—and perhaps should—include a discussion of *Days Without End*, a play about a split personality—one part representing faith, the other skepticism; the play was only partially successful. With greater ease of conscience one can ignore *Welded*, a Strindbergian study of love-hate; it was wholly unsuccessful. And one must restrain onself from an attempt to evaluate *The Moon of the Misbegotten*, which was produced in St. Louis in 1947 and, wisely, was never brought to New York. *Ah, Wilderness* is a charming evocation of adolescence, but not typical of the main achievements of O'Neill. *Lazarus Laughed* and *The Fountain* are interesting closet plays. Only *Desire Under the Elms* is a serious omission. Its revival in 1952, twenty-eight years after its original production, made Brooks Atkinson lament the "long period of neglect" which O'Neill had suffered on Broadway. "It is also true," wrote Atkinson in his New York *Times* column, "that great writers become fashionable in cycles, for reasons that cannot be exactly defined." The long neglect of a play like *Desire Under the Elms* filled him with perplexity; he found it "a realistic play with an illuminating plot . . . remorseless and exciting." A similar judgment—"tragedy of a naturalistic-poetic kind"—was expressed by John Gassner a year before the ANTA sponsored revival ("Homage to O'Neill." *Theatre Time*, Summer, 1951).

I have left one play, *Marco Millions*, for the close. This satirical tragedy, produced by the Theatre Guild in 1928, tells the story of Marco Polo, who went to Cathay to explore commercial possibilities. It is bitter in its attack on the American Babbitt. Marco, exclaims Kubla Khan, is without a soul; he has only an acquisitive instinct instead. Given the run of the country, he organizes numerous lodges that startlingly resemble our Elks, Masons, Kiwanians, and Rotarians; he makes speeches that startlingly resemble the vapid orations resorted to on patriotic occasions; he is accompanied by a brass band wherever he goes; he is arrogant, aggressive, noisy. Given the opportunity to reciprocate the love of the exquisite Princess Kukachin, he only uses her to secure commercial advancement. He leaves China with a million dollars, but he has seen nothing, learned nothing of the ancient civilization with which he was privileged to come in contact; he has absorbed nothing of the dignity and peace of that civilization, and nothing of the beauty of its art.

In an epilogue appended to the printed version of the play, O'Neill describes a modern replica of Marco who has just seen the play. He rises in the first row and, for a moment, seems "a trifle puzzled, and not a little irritated." But by the time he arrives in the lobby "his face begins to clear of all disturbing memories of what had happened on the stage. The noise, the lights of the streets, recall him at once to himself." He gets briskly into his luxurious limousine and "with a satisfied sigh at the sheer comfort of it all, resumes his life."

Many of us—Marcos and anti-Marcos—have been irritated with O'Neill for various reasons. We find him gloomy and morbid, certainly not "sunny" in the manner of typical Broadway, and perhaps not as formful in the manner of the Greeks. We find his "thinking" fuzzy and his "eloquence" windy and his "poetry" at times embarrassing. Yet we admit that a theatre which has no place for the tragic view of life is only a childish toy. O'Neill's earnestness, intensity, and courage were the qualities our drama needed. And if other playwrights now dare to write seriously of human terror and pity—and find production and an audience—we must be grateful to O'Neill for having shown the way. More than anyone else in the history of our drama and our theatre he has helped us in the process of growing up; he was able to do so because, as Edith J. R. Isaacs pointed out almost a decade ago, he was "a fearless, gifted, hard-hitting, passionate icono-

clast" who broke through the conventions—"spiritual, literary, social and technical—that hedged us in. It was the blare of O'Neill's trumpet that cracked the walls of the fortress." (*Theatre Arts*, October, 1946).

"Blare" is not a sweet word, nor was O'Neill a sweet writer. It is surprising that a generation which finds itself, like Billy Brown, wandering in the dark should remain unreceptive to O'Neill's plays. His probings into man's shortcomings and his powerful dramatization of man's pain and perplexity remain part of our creative expression. He had no solutions to our problems; he created no myth and no enduring system of irony, ambiguity or moral symbolism; and certainly he was an imperfect dramatist—which can be said with equal certainty of Shakespeare and Ibsen. But he did bequeath to us a goodly number of plays which once thrilled and excited a generation of men—and still have the power to disturb our generation.

Now High, Now Low

By CARLETON DREWRY

Here in this room whose minutes mark
A woman's labor, time wears thin.
Then a door opens through her dark
And lets the long-shut agony out,
And lets the anguish in.

Here in another room a man
Labors at dying, still lifeward caught.
Then the blind door swings back again
And lets the long-drawn agony in,
And lets the anguish out.

In labor come, in labor go:
Thus life's two ends have always been,
A door in dark swung to and fro
On two cries heard, one high, one low,
And one half-heard between.

CARLETON DREWRY has published several books of poetry. His *A Time of Turning* won the Poetry Awards Prize of $1250 in 1952.

Antisocial Medicine

By PETER CARMICHAEL

IF A MAN CONTRIBUTES a thousand dollars to charity, or a hundred dollars, or one dollar, and turns around and pinches as much out of his employees or customers or clients, I doubt that the world will count him much of a philanthropist. If he then tries to argue that this is quite fair and worthy, telling us that it makes his charity possible, I do not doubt that the lettered world will question his candor, if not his mental capacity also.

It is hard to think that the medical profession of the present time has put itself in the position of this Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. At least it is hard for a person who has known better things of the profession. Once the physician, though he gave nauseating doses, brought so much confidence just by his dignity and his superiority to such a thing as money-grubbing that his presence alone was probably half of the cure. I think we hardly ever heard then of overcharges. It was still the time when a high ethical tone characterized the profession, not just in matters between doctors themselves but between them and the patients also. Doctors had not yet got the idea that they deserved to stand financially above judges, governors, senators, and scientists, and on a level with the more opulent businessmen; surgeons who performed one or two operations a day didn't think they could not afford to look in on the patients for longer than a minute or so. None, I dare say, had reached the stage where their charges might be downright cruel. "Medical ethics" still included the patient.

From Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, the author of what appears to be a widely read medical column, who is presumably well qualified to

---

PETER CARMICHAEL has participated in the arbitration of industrial disputes, and has published widely in his field of philosophy. He has appeared before in *The Antioch Review* ("Labor's Deeper Reckoning," winter, 1945-46; "The White Problem in the South," summer, 1949). He is Professor of Philosophy at Louisiana State University.

speak for his profession, came recently a hypothetical expression of what it is right for a surgeon to do with a rich patient. Dr. Alvarez is meditating on what to charge the man for a $150 operation. Five thousand dollars? Ten thousand? A mere nothing, he says. A charge of fifteen thousand, a hundred times the going rate, ought not to bring a murmur, thinks he.

Several reasons are given for this hundredfold exaction. One—the rich man and his family will demand more of the surgeon's time than the $150 man (an interesting evaluation of the surgeon's time, one may remark); two—it would cost the rich man more than $15,000 to hire a distinguished lawyer to rescue his business if it, like his bowel, were threatened with ruin; three—a fee of $10,000 is "a mere nothing" if it saves the life of a rich man; four—inasmuch as something like a third of the patients who go through a large clinic "never get back on their financial feet so that they can or will ever pay their bill," it is only fitting that the wealthy man pay "a bit more" for his operation—in that way he is "helping some poor person much in need of medical care."

Here we have the familiar proposition that it is right to overcharge one man in order to cover others. Familiar, that is, coming from the medical profession. If merchants, for example, operated on that principle today, we can be sure they would quickly come under regulations so strict as to make it inexpedient. So they did operate, more or less, back in the days of charging all the traffic will bear and the public be damned. But they got out of this, of their own volition, and took pride in the policy of "one price to all." I think it is only the borderline type of business—bordering between the bona fide and the swindling—that still follows this policy; such as the bazaar for catching tourist suckers. The doctors, or let us say the extortioners among them—whom the others cannot curb—have got themselves into very strange company.

Let us suppose there is merit in the allegation that overcharging some is for the purpose of charity to others. Then it is inescapable that the door has been opened to social medicine, by the physicians themselves.

For if some are to be overcharged for the sake of others, that puts the medical profession in the position of legislating to the public. The profession, even the doctor himself, is then to levy a tax on one class

in order to bring benefits to another class. This is taxation without representation.

But if we are to have such a system or scheme, it is time for the state to take charge. The rich man has the same right to live as the pauper has. Under the existing scheme, however, he has no assurance of medical protection except under penalty—the penalty of paying for the pauper. This is already social medicine, though it is imperially administered.

The medical profession, by this class-leveling device, has constituted itself a little state within the state. Its jurisdiction exceeds in one respect that of the real state, which, under the Constitution, cannot enact discriminatory laws. But the practice of levying charges on one patient for another patient's medical service is simply discriminatory lawmaking, plus confiscation of property. Suppose it is true that the purpose is only as stated, namely, to pay for the other's treatment. Then we too, not just the doctors, have a right to a voice in the affair. It is a matter of the common good and therefore belongs with the legislatures or with Congress.

Since nothing is known of the extent of charity work done by private physicians, though such work is the reason alleged for overcharges, it would be reassuring to the public if certified information on the subject were provided. There is more and more public provision for charity cases today. In Louisiana, for example, the most imposing building—so large and towering that how to keep it from sinking into the ground has been a problem—is a public "charity" hospital. Does this expansion of free service bring a reduction of charges to paying patients? The reader will have to answer for himself, but the writer must say no and add that rates are sometimes fabulous by comparison with ten years ago.

If the overcharges are not always for charity's sake but for the sake of the physician himself, then obviously they are just a case of "soaking the rich." This, whatever its status at law, is hardly ethical. If on the other hand the overcharges are truly for charity, then public direction of them, which is to say social medicine, is indicated. So the gold-digging physician is in a dilemma: either he invites social medicine or else he brands his practice unethical.

The United States Supreme Court has held that the state has a right to regulate prices when to do so is in the public interest; not just

where such things as railway or electric rates are concerned, but, for instance, where it is a matter of the rates for storing corn or wheat (Munn *v.* Illinois, 94 U.S. 113). Because grain storage is a matter "clothed with a public interest," according to this ruling of seventy-five years ago, the state can override the private-property rights of warehouse owners and regulate their prices. It is not of record, I believe, that this has debased the service or morals of persons who operate grain elevators.

Has the storage of corn or wheat a higher public status than the conservation of health? Is it sound public policy to subject the owners of grain elevators to regulation while leaving the custodians of our life and health free to establish a little empire in our midst?

It is all but incredible that a learned profession should be really so naive as to claim for itself the right to institute a class system within a democratic state. Incredible, too, that it should presume to levy the equivalent of a discriminatory tax for supporting the system, and that it should be beyond accountability for the administration of the system. And it is odd that we have not seen through this pretension and brought it into discredit.

But we seem to live in dread lest the doctors desert us, and although our passivity is no sign of approval of their imperialism, it probably encourages them to think so. The exceedingly fanciful argument that a regulated medical profession would be unreliable is as much a layman's fiction as it is the profession's. We are confused, failing to distinguish between our own self-concern and the fact that scientific medicine is something purely technical. We think the doctor who gets us well is a benefactor, and scorn the idea of putting him under Washington. This confirms him in his imperial role.

Not only is it naive that the medical profession should presume to institute a class system; it is naive too for doctors to imagine that they should rival commercial barons. Men in the business world must take great economic risks, whereas the doctor takes less than almost anybody else. A businessman has to balance his stake against a very unsteady future, whereas the physician and the dentist have a peculiar security. The very successful businessman is likely to have been original in something, but the doctor who originates anything is exceptional. Experimental sciences, not practical medicine, is the great source of

what is original in medicine. The physician and dentist still have their practice when the businessman has been closed out.

Perhaps the surgeon who would charge $15,000 for carving a rich man's gizzard will think it improper that he should be compared to a tradesman. Perhaps comparison to a virtuoso, say a great violinist or actor, would be more to his fancy. But then very few surgeons, maybe twenty or thirty in the whole country, could expect to qualify, since the number or ratio of virtuosi hardly exceeds, if indeed it equals, such figures. Yet it would be no surprise to find that every large town has doctors who, when it comes to fees, put themselves in a class with Heifetz or Barrymore. Nor is this limited to fees charged the rich. It is rather common nowadays for a whole community to subscribe a thousand or two thousand dollars to pay for an operation on some broken or misbegotten child. Do we ever hear of the high-fee surgeon waiving his charge in such a case? In other walks we meet the equivalent. A fire burns out a whole family or a storm takes everything. Merchants and workmen collaborate to produce and furnish a complete new home. To be sure, this is not an everyday thing, yet it happens. Great Hippocrates, I hope, is keeping the record of like cases in surgery, but to the rest of us it is a conspicuously silent record.

We are accustomed to hear that the doctor who saves one's life is entitled to compensation more or less commensurate. Dr. Alvarez suggests in his column that all the money one has is not too much to pay a surgeon for conquering a cancer. This, certainly, is beyond question, on one basis of reckoning, a basis we might call the all-or-none. For it is worth something—one's all—to be alive, if only for the reason that apart from being alive nothing is worth anything to anybody. But this basis, if it is to be used by the surgeon, is open for others to use also. What will the surgeon do if mechanics and craftsmen do not supply him scalpels, antiseptics, dressings, and so forth? Nothing, I suppose. So then, by reasoning similar to his, he ought to pay over to these workmen all that he earns by surgery. What then is he to do towards compensating the baker, butcher, and grocer, not to speak of the huge army of others who clothe him, protect him, enlighten and entertain him, and hold together the fabric of life and civilization on which he prospers? These do not presume to stand on the all-or-none principle. And by so much do they surpass the all-or-none surgeon in reason and ethics.

Why doesn't the medical profession see anything so apparent as that? Is it because of a self-centeredness unlike any other? Or because of indulgence by a deceived public? Or may it be that physicians today are so little educated that they hardly see beyond their own province? What medical school requires that a man be educated in ethics and related disciplines or, in fact, in anything but what it takes to make a medical technician? The like question might be asked concerning engineering schools and even law schools. And, ironically, it is these schools that could bolster liberal education most of all, and save it from eclipse, for they attract good students who would profit greatly from such education, as would their professions. Only, the professional schools seem afraid, lest they lose numbers by prescribing anything like that—even while unprecedented numbers are clamoring for admission.

Were he not blinded by self-interest, the kind of surgeon Dr. Alvarez applauds, and so many know, would perhaps see that the all-or-none principle, or anything remotely like it, is defensible only at the expense of the society that sustains the surgeon. Hence it is an antisocial principle. Social medicine is not just a utopian vision. It is a defense against selfish, antisocial professionalism, as well as a means of fulfilling the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

An enlightened, not to say altruistic profession must surely comprehend that there has to be a balance in things, so that one set of men shall not starve or bleed the rest. Commerce long since found this out. Though it knows that all of us would soon starve if it chose to shut off our subsistence, it knows, too, that government would not tolerate this. Conceivably doctors, if compelled to pay a prohibitive differential rate for meat and drink, or for real estate, furs, jewelry, or anything else, would have no great objection to the introduction of social commerce. A little logic or imagination would enable them to see that social medicine is perfectly analogous. Perhaps the fact that they do not have to pay medical bills themselves, since they treat one another and one another's family free, keeps their logic and imagination from being as lively as that of their patients.

Perhaps this deficiency also keeps them from seeing that price is not just a matter of the worth to the purchaser or patient. If it were that only, a cesspool specialist should be fabulously wealthy, and the Gold Coasts and Lake Shore Drives should be occupied by garbage

collectors and roustabouts, with longshoremen, coal heavers, hog butchers, and so on crowding near. Outside of the medical profession, rates are a matter not just of the worth to the buyer but also of the cost to the seller. You may say that this is because of competition. Not altogether; not with architects, scientists, scholars, teachers, for example. It is partly a matter of professional dignity, which does not comport with money-grubbing, and partly a matter of ethics, I suppose, that keeps men in these categories from emulating the physicians.

But the medical man thinks his own outlay is great. He talks of the long educational preparation and its severe demands. Now this is next to no argument. A scientist or scholar surpasses him in education. The routine of a medical course, though exacting, is hardly to be compared with what it takes to make a doctor of philosophy in chemistry or mathematics or metaphysics, for example. It is even questionable whether the title "doctor" is properly conferred on medical graduates, since "doctor" denotes high original attainments, not just the completion of a course. And in any event, what, to a mind, is more rewarding, more gratifying, than learned study? One would think, from the physicians' harping so much on it, that the pursuit of knowledge was like serving a sentence. A scientist or scholar has to pursue it all the time, yet does not consider that a ground for making high remunerative demands.

Let us suppose that the private physician did no charity work, that the state paid him for emergency treatment of the indigent, that public means were provided for all charity cases. Then the commonly alleged ground for overcharge to private patients would fall away. But this would of course require, or be, social medicine.

There is certainly no economic reason why a physician should give free services to anybody; no more than that engineers, lawyers, or manufacturers should. The peculiarity of the physician's capacity, like that of the able-bodied man in war time, may lay on him a moral obligation to go to the relief of distress, as those who take the Oath of Hippocrates must believe. But just as the peculiarity of the physician's calling may place on him this obligation, so does the integrity and health of the state place on it the obligation to pay for his services.

The trouble is not just with the medical profession. Technological, economic, and ethical changes have occurred, and the physician is not

much of a missionary or moralist any more, but just a technician. The moral burden has shifted to the state.

Politicians, seeing that a recognition of this must mean social medicine, and sharing the deception and mythology of the people about medical service, are not inclined to acknowledge their responsibility. They are strong for social highways, social dams, social crop, cattle, and hog support, social relief of the unemployed and aged, social relief of foreign countries; but social relief of the sick and dying, oh no. That would be creeping socialism and un-American. To prevent it they stand manfully behind imperial, antisocial medicine.

Lines While Walking Home from a Party on Charles Street

By JOHN CIARDI

Suffer do you? I think if wounds were art
you'd fill a gallery with scars on plaques,
extractions on red velvet, rare amputations

stuffed and varnished and set out on mirrors
under magenta light—then throw a party
for Jesus and Mother and Father and all Charles Street.

As for being a beast—you'll have to move outdoors.
Not conscience but the unconscious
stiffens the stallion to the dancing mare.

And one temptation by Heironymus Bosch
over the radiator won't qualify,
even with Baudelaire propped on the table

between two coupling boys in terra cotta.
Piddle's no rape, rape's no vocabulary,
and Hell's no hobby. One family of Sicilians

has more beasts in to breakfast than you to your nightmares.

JOHN CIARDI's poetry is well known. His latest book of poems is *From Time to Time*. He is teaching at Rutgers University, and is in process of organizing a creative writing program there.

The Cruelest Decision

By KERMIT EBY

> His mother and his brothers came to him, but they could not get near him, on account of the crowd. And the word came to him,
>
> "Your mother and your brothers are standing outside; they want to see you."
>
> "My mother and my brothers are those who listen to God's message and obey it!" —Luke 8:19-20-21.

> I was one of those. I have thought and acted as I had to; I destroyed people whom I was fond of, and gave power to others I did not like. History put me where I stood; I have exhausted the credit which she accorded me; if I was right I have nothing to repent of; if wrong, I will pay. . . . Did the righteous man perhaps carry the heaviest debt when weighed by this measure? Was his debt, perhaps, counted double—for the others knew not what they did?
>
> —from *Darkness at Noon*, by Arthur Koestler.

When he was 13 years old, Allan Haywood was sent down into the mines of Yorkshire, along with his father, who was a coal miner, too. Miners in those days went into the pits before daylight, and they came out after dark. At 13, Allan saw neither the sun rise nor the sun set. There was no day, only darkness lit by lamps in the mines.

One day Allan's father took him by the hand, saying, "Today, we do not go to the mines, but to hear Kier Hardie." And until the day he died, Allan remembered hearing the voice of Kier Hardie in the coal pits.

In America, the land to which Haywood migrated, there were layoffs, speed-ups, incipient industrial strife, and again for him the close community of the mines (made always more intense by the possibility of sudden and explosive death). To many of these miners, as

---

In this personal essay Kermit Eby poses a basic problem and a basic decision particularly evident in the labor movement. Perhaps no one else is so well fitted to discuss this dilemma of power vs. ethics, of humanism vs. fanaticism. After many years in the labor movement, Mr. Eby is now Professor of the Social Sciences at the University of Chicago.

to Haywood, unionism became a kind of religion. When Haywood married, he built a house in Taylorville, Illinois, and returned there perhaps once or twice a year in the latter part of his life. For the union filled more and more of his time. When he went from town to town, the regional directors met him, set up meetings for him, and after the meetings, perhaps, they drank with him. The meeting hall became his home, and the children of the miners his famliy.

At 64, Allan died as he would have it, making a speech to union men. They took him home to Taylorville—a stranger. The men who carried his coffin were members of the CIO; the men who wept for this man were miners who knew him in the meeting halls. There was hardly anyone in Taylorville who really knew anything about a man named Allan Haywood.

For Allan's life was a little like that story told about St. Francis of Assisi, when the saint went to the snowy mountains and molded himself a wife and children from the snow, and wept because he had no family. But then, looking out over Italy, he said, "These are my wife—these my children."

And yet, as the line of the dedicated and single-minded goes, Allan Haywood was a comparatively simple and human fellow. I remember the train rides Allan and I took together, and I remember Allan drinking too many beers on occasion, and if there is indeed *veritas in vino*, Haywood was, beyond all the speechmaking and all the politics, a warm heart and a soul more than once bewildered. For on those comparatively relaxed train trips, Allan remembered the voice of Kier Hardie, and perhaps there was in his remembrance a terrible feeling that Kier Hardie's words had been buried deep beneath too many speeches and too many train trips and too many power struggles.

But I have known others who were not so warm, nor so occasionally bewildered, and therefore far more single in mind. A few I knew who had banished almost all personal vanity from their lives, and in proportion to their success in becoming im-personalities, they were able to live by a code which states coldly that kindness does not constitute morality.

If kindness did not constitute morality to these men, responsibility did. To at least one that I remember, the larger responsibility ruled out completely all those more commonplace relationships (which we have come to call "primary"); they were out of bounds for him. Social-

ism and Zionism had become his family, his community, his children. His name was Sol, and by trade (his trade was also a dedication), he was a mathematician. He taught mathematics in a small college when I knew him, and in the evenings he gave lectures on the cooperative farm system in Israel. He was a small man, and malnutrition suffered in one of the Nazi pogroms in the East had stunted him physically; gas chambers had taken care of his immediate family, including a half dozen cousins. He did not expect to marry, and he showed no self-pity about this; it was the way things were. I have never known a man so utterly alone, and so quietly alive with the flame of the one love, the one dedication, the one loyalty.

Others were not so alone, nor so single-minded; and there was more trouble for these men. The double-minded were often much like Allan Haywood: when they did not feel called upon to act as a symbol, they were forced to act as men. For many, the symbol and the man seemed in their own minds to be diametrically opposed. (Is there not a tradition that the Cæsar must not only, like his wife, be above suspicion, but also above those common human possibilities of eating, sleeping, and drinking?) When I asked a friend who had had occasion to observe the great of the earth, what he had discovered, he told me, "But they put their trousers on, one leg at a time, you know." For those who do not like to be reminded that their heroes put their trousers on one leg at a time, several priesthoods have been institutionalized in celibacy.

Someone remarked to me the other day that the last war would break out between the communists and the ex-communists. It was intended as a witticism, and yet the grain of truth in the statement is not unworthy of examination. Perhaps the last war (in the sense that real war goes on between kinds of people in a different and perhaps more meaningful sense than between nations), perhaps the last war will run between the fanatics and the non-fanatics, between the dedicated and those other men, whose chief goals in life consist of wanting to be let alone, of wanting to find their own way without overmuch outside influence. Of this latter lot, many are apathetic and/or afraid; but there are others who, in the traditional sense of the word, are *civilized* men. Traditionally, the civilized men have, among other things, always considered themselves too emotionally balanced to adhere completely to any cause, any victory or defeat.

I once had a student friend who in some strange way somehow epitomized to me the spirit of the civilized. His name was Joe, and he was a slow, careful man, fond of good wines, good food, pretty women, and artistic flower arrangements. He was studying Far Eastern culture at the time I knew him, and one day, curious about his attachment to this particular subject in preference to others, I asked him his reasons for engaging in it. "Well," he said, with his usual affable and reasoned smile, "I am studying the Far East because—one must be interested in something, you know."

I believe that Joe honestly felt no need for those "larger" ideals of which we speak here, and because he felt no need at all in this way, he differed from my other young friend, Sumner, who was perhaps equally fond of good wines, good food, pretty women, and art. On the eve of his answer to an army draft call, I searched Sumner out on his feelings. Like a number of intelligent young men, he was not eager to enter the army because he had no enthusiasm for the war in Korea, which he believed to be a false and meaningless combat between two great imperialistic nations. But the interesting thing was, Sumner would have liked very much to have enthusiasm. "Take Socrates and Alcibiades, Pericles and the rest," he said to me. "Then there was something for which these men could be genuinely patriotic, a standard to which the just could repair, a fight for a real home, a real idea. Now? Today? It is not so, and I wish it were." (It was during the Sinatra craze that some sociologist pointed out that because there were no real ideals in America to which these teen age girls could dedicate themselves, they were forced to create their own idol, their own hero. And we are perhaps only lucky that the vacuum for adolescents in America has so far been filled by crooners and cowboys rather than Hitlers and Stalins.)

Nevertheless, I do not happen to believe, as Sumner's comment implies, in that theory which traces the decline of any given culture to the winning out of the civilized and apathetic over the dedicated and single-minded. I do not believe it because I feel that in any given period the truly dedicated are always in a minority; there are always the many more, who, like Sumner, would like to find something worthy of their whole and intense desire, but cannot. And among the others, perhaps the lack of one strong love and one strong desire is never viewed as a problem.

The peculiar dilemma pointed out to me by Sumner's statement (and solved on a personal level by Joe's attitude), came into my ken with strong force when I read a letter from the wife of one of my best and brightest former students, who, as a union education man, worked a 70-hour week. Music, culture, books, the quiet evening at home (things which this man appreciated quite as much as Joe or Sumner) had disappeared, his wife told me. In essence, she was asking me to plead with her husband (as an old friend and adviser) to stop this life, to go into management or college teaching, where he might also work effectively for the cause of the worker, she argued, and where he would again have time for leisure.

To which I replied, with great hesitation and no little doubt in mind, "I understand. But I would not suggest your solution. Because for a man to be a man at all, he must follow the gleam as he sees it."

But many did follow the course which the young wife suggested. Especially in recent years, during the union purges, have the young men deserted. And it was not for more money or more power or more prestige elsewhere that these young men left the ship; it was because in their own minds the union movement was no longer a standard to which the just could repair. Some of them, considered too "radical" for the unions, entered management. As one of these explained to me, "Now I have a nine-to-five job, no Sunday conferences, no meetings until three in the morning, and furthermore what petitions I sign and what meetings I attend after office hours are my own business. Management doesn't give a damn because unlike the union, management can afford not to care about such shifting and fickle political winds." Still others went into college teaching, and here was a haven of attempted objectivity against the too strong emotions of the past.

Others grew to like strong emotion as some men prefer strong meat; they could not leave the movement so long as the movement could continue to feed that craving. Recently, I got nostalgic with an old friend of mine, a UAW man who stuck with the union through thick and thin (and for such as he it was hardest of all to stick out the thick, the fat and prosperous days). The prosperous days were most difficult for him because he, like me, remembered the autoworkers marching, thousands strong, down the streets of Detroit in the days of the minor revolution. We knew them as the great days of the 1930's, when the strikers put newspapers under their caps to protect

their heads from the clubs of policemen. And having seen such things (things which a man may, if he is lucky, see perhaps once in a lifetime), other, milder meat no longer seems to titillate the palate.

For many such men, the "other world" of their own homes and families became mild meat, without real flavor. Labor and politics and high-pressure management are filled with the wreckage of men who went out, built their lives, broadened their own experience, and who because of both psychological and circumstancial situations, were unable or unwilling to take their wives along. The results of this were children of labor union leaders brought up in middle-class circumstances, filled with a vague form of middle-class philosophy, and sent out into the world quite unaware or uninterested in the nature of their father's profession. Someone once told me that he knew of no second-generation Communists in America; mostly because Communists were so busy saving the world that they had no time for their kids. The kids, of course, upon reaching the age of reason, had no time for either their parents or their parents' ideology.

It was precisely, of course, that exact and fanatic dedication attributed to the oldline Communists which, among other things, earned them the dislike and fear of those more *human* individuals who fought them. Morality for the Communists did not include kindness. Thus these people had the reputation of being tireless, utterly decisive, and utterly disciplined; they could outsit you in meeting, outtalk you in caucus, outwork you at the mimeograph machine, and outbelieve you any day of the week. The hostility that such absolute concentration engenders in other men not so believing may have some envy in it; both the envy and the hostility are understandable.

The real problem of the Communist in America is not, I firmly believe, the question of conspiracy. The real problem is the fact that there are few men in any given society who are willing to be responsible for it. In America, only the "eggheads," the gangsters, and a minority of the dedicated (fascist, communist, and otherwise) participate seriously in politics. (By seriously I mean that they are apart from those men to whom politics is only another way of making a living, some of whom are quite earnest and honest about their living, as an artisan may be earnest and honest about his craft. But the artisan usually gambles with pride of craft and source of sustenance, not with his soul upon the matter.) In concrete terms, the eggheads participate

in politics from a sense of conscience, the gangsters from a sense of desperate necessity, and the dedicated from a whole-hearted desire for an absolute standard to which the just may repair. The sheer cold fact about the minority of the dedicated who appear in any era is that they are sure of their premises; they know how they want society to be run, and they are willing to take the consequences of running it. And perhaps the tragedy of communism (in America as elsewhere) is that many who went to it discovered that it was, at best, only a standard to which the superman or sub-man might repair. The deeper emotional motivation controlling the lives of the saint who seeks complete inner power and the leader who seeks complete power over other men, would seem to be a disgust with the purely human, a taste for only the strongest meat, and a desire to rise above "all that." Because for such saints and such leaders, the human as such is a messy and uncertain affair. The struggle of men to become fully human is after all, a struggle full of mistakes and retreats, ambush and idiosyncrasy, inconsistency and ridiculousness, alarms and excursions. While, on the other hand, the struggle of a few men to become saints and supermen is a straight fight, a fight for pure hate, pure love, and pure power, without inconsistency. (For pure power is a heady thing, and especially when the game is played with heads rolling to the ground instead of ballots or sinecures.)

The cruelest decision, then, comes when a man feels forced to choose between the power and the glory and the simpler, less gamey meat, the common pleasures, the pursuit of familial harmony and the planting of the rosebush. Those men who are unable to realize themselves either in the struggle for power or glory or in the struggle for humanhood are real failures. Those who choose one may yearn for the other or may disregard the other as a snare and a delusion. (There is the classic story of Lenin who, after coming out of the symphony, objected to it because great music made all life over, mellowing a man and making him want to pat the bourgeoisie on the heads, and you couldn't do that because the bourgeoisie were nasty creatures. In those woods, he understood, lie in wait Pan and Peter Pan, Dionysus and the Fisher King, a man contemplating his navel and Thoreau contemplating nature, and too many other shady subversives, waiting to kidnap the unwary away from the work to be done.)

And perhaps, in order to buy the children of the world their

sunrises and sunsets, it is best to have no children of one's own. Perhaps it is true that only the rootless, the excommunicated, the exorcised, the Spinozas and the Christs, are strong enough to give men roots, communication, and communion.

The Dark that Was Here

By ELI SIEGEL

A girl, in ancient Greece,
Be sure, had no more peace
Than one in Idaho.
To feel and yet to know
Was heard in Athens, too.
I'm sure confusion grew
In Nika's mind as she,
While wanting to be free,
Hoped deeply to adore
Someone; and so no more
Be wretched and alone.
—Ah, hear the keen, wise moan
Of wind at twilight, past
Old trees, which darken fast.
That wind was heard, that blur
Of trees was seen by her
Of Attica.—The sound
Of wind on dry, cool ground
Once more is heard by girl,
With heart in autumn whirl.
The trees stand up in grey;
It is their ancient way—
All this in Idaho
Where grieving girls now go
In mingled love and fear.
The dark that was is here.

ELI SIEGEL won the *Nation* Poetry Prize in 1925 with "Hot Afternoons in Montana." He now teaches Aesthetic Realism in New York City.

This Is Puerto Rico

By T. SWANN HARDING

You usually arise with the sharp plangent dawn anyway. The impudent sunrise pulls you out of bed. But today you are aroused before full dawn by a furious, continuous blast from an automobile horn. You don slippers, glance out the open window at the blue water of the harbor to find the Navy still there in good order, then paddle to the floor "cinco" balcony of your Spanish-type apartment-hotel to see what the racket is all about.

Before you spreads the incredibly turquoise water of the sea, looking like a fake confected to imitate a garish picture postal card. More immediately before you lies Condado Lagoon, and there across the main street of Santurce, Ave. Ponce de Leon, a policeman leans nonchantly on the horn of an illegally parked car.

Heads bob out of windows everywhere. People trot over the flat roofs to investigate. Some dash out of nearby apartments, hotels, and restaurants somewhat sketchily attired, wondering perhaps if the car is theirs. But everybody is happy. The policeman smiles as he arouses the entire neighborhood; all those aroused smile and chatter amiably.

Then an explosive conversation starts, leaps from group to group, and a woman hurries into a nearby apartment-house. Soon the real miscreant, the owner of the car, appears sleepily in his pajamas, still barefoot, rubbing dreams from his eyes, the policeman releases the horn, the noise subsides, and a charming scene ensues between the ever-so polite officer and the ever-so solicitous owner.

The car must be moved at once, so the owner gets in barefooted, moves it to a nearby legal parking space, the policeman presents him

---

For many years with the United States Department of Agriculture, since 1951 T. Swann Harding has been English Technical Editor for the Puerto Rico Experiment Station.

with a ticket, both bow, the curtain falls. But don't think that ticket can be quashed other than by due payment of the fine. For this is Puerto Rico!

Heads now disappear from windows, spectators disperse, and life resumes its normal 6:30 a.m. state. You paddle back to your small suite with its tiled floors and jalousie windows, its curious mixture of modern and antique furniture, its French doors finely painted on one side but stained and spotted on the other, perhaps just as they had come off the town dump, the shower which emits feeble streams of warmish water the next half-hour only, and the temperamental toilet flush-box, now in a delicate condition since a boy mended it last Sunday by tying it together with string—he produced a lovely bow knot.

This also is Puerto Rico. This is life in Puerto Rico proper, not at a snob hotel frequented by visitors from the States. You pay only a hundred a month here, refrigerator thrown in, and brand-new at that.

For that you also get predictable weather. You know that cotton trousers, cotton shirt, cotton shorts and sandals will be comfortable every day in the year. You know it will rain maniacally nearly every day, but not for long. The temperature may fall as low as 62 degrees Fahrenheit a couple of nights in February or March, for that is winter, but no artificial heat will ever be required.

Of course, there are mountains rising to 4,400 feet in the interior where the temperature can fall to 40 degrees or even below, but all native Puerto Ricans will deny this volubly, even those born in such perverse environments, and declare that the temperature has never fallen below 60 or risen above 92 anywhere in the Island. But they are careful to wear heavy wool coats when they go to the mountains overnight!

This is a little almost rectangular island some thousand miles southeast of Florida, or sixteen hundred southeast of New York, just where the Greater Antilles turn into the Lesser and change direction to dive sharply towards South America. The Island averages 100 miles long and 35 wide. Its rainfall varies from 30 to 225 inches a year; there are some 352 distinct types of soil, several distinct climatic zones, and a profusion and variety of living things springing from the fecund earth that would dement an amateur botanist.

Under the leadership of the present Governor's father, Puerto Rico won its autonomy from Spain, then the Spanish American War

began and the Island became our possession in October 1898. Since the adoption of the new Constitution in July 1952 it has been a semi-autonomous Commonwealth associated with the United States. Discovered by Columbus November 18, 1493, its first Governor was Juan Ponce de Leon; this was before he became the famous Florida rejuvenator. Remains of the foundation of his home still exist, while Columbus seems to have set foot first on a dozen or more coastal spots, at least according to legend.

Enough of history. You are sleepy this morning. There was a party in the hotel last evening and you shared the roister by being unable to get to sleep until you went outside your door and roared "Silencio" in the most sepulchral voice you could muster. Your shout echoed and re-echoed throughout the great rectangular well in the center of the building and you get "silencio" too. Earlier you had been entertained by the steady prolonged blast of automobile horns celebrating a great "beisbol" victory, a game about which Puerto Ricans are madly enthusiastic.

All traffic passes your hotel. Even the tiny train teeters by within a block, its midget engine shrieking to high heaven at unseemly hours. This was not one of the monster engines that intimidated Reginald Gardiner. It was very tiny. You felt sure it would take off across open country if you ever swore at it lustily, but you saw it make junk out of a new uninsured Cadillac, so you had respect for it.

The airfield was outside your window also. The big planes roared obligingly in through your west bedroom window and emerged through the window to the north, or so it seemed. Fortunately ships were quiet in the harbor.

Today the automatic elevator surprises you by rising to floor "cinco" at your ring, but descending it stops abruptly on the third floor and you have to walk down to the lobby. Doubtless it had had a bad night. You eat an indifferent breakfast in a "continental" restaurant, American to you, where the Puerto Rican coffee tastes medicinal and the American-style coffee is ghastly.

Now for a bus, and the San Juan transportation authority buses are relatively new, modern, and comfortable. There are also smaller antique buses that run out into the suburbs via Ave. Fernándes Juncos. Each is unique, is often owned by its driver, and if he is sufficiently schizoid he affixes sacred pictures on one side up front and reproduc-

tions of nude ladies on the other. These buses invariably appear about ready to collapse, yet they usually get there.

The Island is also covered by a network of "líneas," lines of comparatively new limousines accommodating seven or eight passengers, who reach their destination unharmed oftener than you imagine, for they are driven at reckless high speed, the horn being used freely for clearance and warning. However, you take the city bus whose driver knows a little English.

Policemen usually speak English better; post office and university employees use it quite well. Everybody leaves school capable of sustaining a simple conversation in English, but few (about 26 percent) retain this ability. Instead they converse exclusively in rapid, slurred, elliptical Spanish, though thousands of them read American books and periodicals almost exclusively—except for San Juan's excellent daily paper, *El Mundo*. This last is superior to most dailies of our larger southern and western cities in both content, coverage, and intelligence.

Passengers enter and leave the city buses only by the front door to facilitate a complex but efficient system of paying 5- and 10-cent fares that must have been invented at the Lottery Building. This complicated system works only if the rear door of each bus is sealed. Jollity reigns in the bus; good humor is unimpaired by overcrowding.

You rarely see a fat person or a man with a beard. You always find a loud talker in each bus. He carries on his oration in voluble Spanish; it is a highly emotional recital of his tribulations. No one shuts him up or displays impatience and when he leaves the bus someone else continues the querulous address unabated. Some nod agreement, some dispute, but you learn to read *El Munda* despite disturbances.

No one ever rises from his seat or starts to the front exit until the bus has stopped dead at the "parada." Only then does passage in and out begin, but no one is ever moved to shout "Step lively!" All wait placidly until the bus starts with a shudder and plunges impulsively the four-block interval to the next stop, menacing all other vehicles in its cumbersome leap.

There is no color line on the bus, in the schools, stores, or business establishments. People sit, walk, talk, and work together regardless

of a color range from darkest African to lightest Nordic. What color line exists is social and matrimonial; darks also tend to congregate in certain areas. But the color line is disregarded in public, which saves much bother and expense.

The bus vaults towards the country on your five-mile journey to your office on an experimental farm. It makes good time. But going to the country never means that you get away from people. Puerto Rico is one of the most densely populated places in the world, 650 persons to the square mile and nearly 2.5 million on the Island. Whatever direction you go you always encounter people; there are just no unpopulated open spaces.

The bus passes a funeral, the coffin being carried by pallbearers afoot with the mourners walking behind. Of course, richer persons have far more elaborate funerals with fleets of fine cars, ornate hearses, and banks of flowers. Everyone loves funerals which, with the twenty-two annual holidays accounts for many an absence from work.

The most important holiday seems to be Good Friday, if you can measure by the degree of inebriety prevailing. Christmas is doubly celebrated, for not only have the Puerto Ricans inherited Three King's Day, Janauary 6, from their ancestors, but the Continentals have introduced December 25, in large part for commercial reasons. Parties must be held and presents given to both. Children expect plenty of each. Parents are usually bankrupt by January 7.

Housing varies from the palatial and expensive to horrible slums inhabited by squatters who have often constructed their own hovels of scrap-wood far out over the water of lagoons. Cars range from perpetually brand-new Cadillacs to the most dubious automotive contrivances you can imagine. Roads are superb, bad, and indifferent, and usually unposted as to towns and cities. Goats penetrate everywhere, ironically wagging their melancholy chins; pigs wander the countryside, often at the end of a rope enroute to become Sunday barbeque; yoked oxen and battered-looking horses are not uncommon.

You worm your way out of the bus soon after it passes the excellent University of Puerto Rico which celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in 1953. You start your mile walk to the office on the narrow sidewalks of Río Piedras, eyeing the sky apprehensively the while, ever fearful of a sudden deluge. As in old San Juan, you are frequently

forced to walk out in the street, for the crowds are dense. The aromas that assail your nostrils are pungent, authoritative, and spiked with stale urine.

You pass the Cathedral, weather-worn and ancient beyond its years like most buildings in the tropics. Quaint little local stores fascinate you but the New York Department Store also has a fine, modern, air-conditioned branch nearby. You approach the new modernistic $400,000 Rum Pilot Plant of the Agricultural Experiment Station, University of Puerto Rico, dedicated with appropriate and enthusiastic ceremonies in March 1953. It is the finest and about the first rum-research establishment in the world.

The stream that runs through the Station grounds smells decayed, but the Spanish-type office and laboratory buildings are cool and attractive, the campus is green and well-kept, exotic trees and plants abound. Laborers working with their indispensable razor-sharp machetes can use them to mow a lawn or cut down a sapling equally well; fortunately they rarely carve one another with these sanguinary tools.

The staff of the Station is energetic, conscientious, and highly productive. The members work in seemingly perpetual good humor. Their research is of high quality and greatly benefits the Island's agriculture. Since more agricultural research reports Temperate Zone findings, everything must be tried over again here, every plant, animal, and cultural practice. Other trials still must be made at the Station's branches under other climatic conditions. The Station has progressed almost incredibly under the present Director Arturo Rogue, since 1943.

Your secretary is one in a quick succession of sweet effeminate girls—though usually equipped with an incipient mustache, however young. She wouldn't think of smoking in the office or in public or of making a provocative gesture. She is the soul of virtue, avoids intimacy but is friendly, wears abundant clothing tastefully, and works industriously all day. If she has temperament or job-sheet worries she does not display them, and she curbs her visits to other offices admirably.

Often she is too conscientious. She may, for instance, insist upon doing a page of typing over even if it suits you as it is. You may as well not protest as she will have her way even if she has to stay over-

time to do it. She is bilingual, takes dictation in either Spanish or English, and produces more accurate transcriptions in the latter than those to whom you were accustomed at home. For this she gets $120 or $140 a month, until some Federal Government agency snares her and pays her $300 or $340.

The manner and tempo of work here first surprised you. Your colleagues may look as if they were loafing or talking all the time, but a great deal of excellent work does get done, no mistake about it, and insofar as this place is concerned, tropical lethargy turns out to be a myth. Each day is the Day of the Thirteenth Emergency, for there are always emergencies. Nor can you hurry matters. You must adjust your pace to theirs, embalm your annoyances in affability, and ignore the staccato clatter of conversation surrounding you.

Although it is scarcely hot enough for a siesta there is a break of one and a half to two hours at noon. All who can do so, go home to get what is really a hot dinner of their too starchy, too fat, too porcine foods. Many of the men don felt hats before going out; all wear heavy British-type shoes; only Americans wear sandals. Basic to the diet are rice and beans mingled with pork, chicken, or dried codfish, pieced out with rabbit, chickpeas, sweet potatoes and other root vegetables, and the inevitable plaintains which resemble oversized bananas but must be cooked to become palatable—as you ruefully discovered!

You elect a noon walk back to Río Piedras Square. Nobody is working at the mahogany furniture shop so you look around. Huge logs of the wood lie about, just in from the Dominican Republic, for Puerto Rico now produces no wood of useful size. Workers in the shop slowly transform these logs into beautiful, termite-resistant furniture which is a rather startling red in color until time softens the hue. The dry-wood termite is highly destructive of most other woods.

The mahogany bed is a very important facility in the life of even the quite poor Puerto Rican and it, with all its trimmings in linen, may cost as much as his modest home, but that he must have. The rapid growth of the Island's population may be attributable to overstress on one function of these beds. The United States Public Health Service has so reduced the death rate here that several persons are born to replace one who passes away, nor does the loss of 50,000

a year to the United States—mostly to New York City—help too much.

The Island's population is doubling about every 50 years. Population increase largely cancels the efforts of research to raise living standards. Entire diseases have vanished—there are no malaria-carrying mosquitoes any more, all public sources of water are safe, restaurants have their inspections and health cards and are as safe as ours. Puerto Ricans obediently carry out the law perhaps better than we do in all phases.

But too many Puerto Ricans feel that they must go forth and replenish the population of an Island with but half an acre of arable land per inhabitant as things are. Unless the beneficial laws which permit the publication and dissemination of contraceptive literature are less impeded by religious considerations in the future, a time will come when overbreeding will cause unbearable distress here. Incidentally, several Protestant sects are well represented in the Island.

Puerto Ricans are courteous, friendly, honest and hospitable. They also are truly democratic and almost painfully honest in government. A larger percentage of qualified male and female voters participate in elections than in the United States. Voters are notified to appear before 1 p.m. in a specified room of a designated schoolhouse. They receive numbered slips as they enter, the door is locked at 1 o'clock, they vote in numerical order and exit. Then the election is over with no possibility of dual or multiple voting at all.

The Party Popular wins simply because it is overwhelmingly the most popular party. But, because opposition parties had so few representatives in the legislature, this party saw to it that their representation was increased disproportionately by the terms of the new Constitution which went into effect in July 1952. Political parties favoring statehood or independence for Puerto Rico are of negligible importance; Communism scarcely exists any more.

As you walk, you are constantly solicited to purchase lottery tickets by swarms of elderly men and women and even children who congregate in doorways in all business sections. Winnings are tax-free; proceeds are used for good purposes; drawings are made Sunday. The lottery is honestly conducted by the government, hence the chance of winning is greater than in gambling in the United States. Since people seem destined to gamble, this seems wise. Oddly enough the fine air-

conditioned offices in the Lottery Building are in part rented by Federal Government agencies.

It is generally realized that the Island must have much more assistance from our federal government before it can hope to attain statehood, if ever. Operation Bootstrap, which increases employment by increasing the number of Puerto Rican industries, giving them a 10-year period of tax-exemption, as well as agricultural research performed by various agencies in the Island have helped of course. The rum revenue is also used for wise social purposes. The income and other taxes are lower than ours anyway.

You now wander back to work and near the experiment farm small lizards and quite large iguanas hurriedly flash across your path on business of their own or else stand motionless sunning themselves. Clouds appear over distant El Yunque and its tropical rain forest forecasting a tropical downpour before long. The stream, contaminated with sugar-mill waste, still smells putrefied. The afternoon wears on and en route to your hotel you purchase a bottle of excellent rum at about $1.40 a fifth, and load up on some canned goods in the New York Department Store's food department in Santurce. The matter of feeding yourself is something that requires careful consideration.

Puerto Rican restaurants always somehow seem to be novelties where you go to eat something different, not to satisfy hunger with a meal. The cheaper pseudo-American restaurants serve poorly cooked pseudo-American foods at higher prices than you pay in the States for better food better cooked. The snob tourist places—as fine French, Italian, Hungarian, Chinese, Spanish, Mexican, and American restaurants as you could find anywhere——shatter too large a bill and undermine the wallet too much for regular attendance by a salaried slave.

So a dinner composed of American canned foods heated up on the electric hot plate in your room is not bad at all, plus bread flown in daily from Miami or Atlanta. You can also sit around the spaciously lovely Caribe-Hilton Hotel free and gaze at the histrionic colors the gaudy sea wears here, at the fantastic tourists from the States, and at the neat, well-mannered Puerto Ricans, most of whom do not dwell here either. Now and then you see indescribably beautiful women and girls and handsome men of the local Spanish aristocracy who claim pure Spanish ancestry.

After all Puerto Rico built this magnificent hotel as part of Operation Bootstrap. The management is hospitable to casual visitors. The food is as good as that anywhere and rather reasonably priced too.

The Puerto Ricans are largely Spanish in descent but about one-fifth are Negro. There are few remnants of the original Caribe Indians. Persons of Italian, Dutch, Danish, British, or German descent are not infrequent. About 53 per cent of the school-age population are not enrolled in school in the rural areas and about 39 per cent are not enrolled in urban areas. About 70 per cent of the rural and 82 per cent of the urban people are able to read and write.

Your first nights on the Island were spent in a delightful middle-class home in a select residence district; you attempted to sleep in an old-fashioned Spanish-type mahogany bed with a mosquito net over it—the house was not screened. You found no one nearby who spoke good English and, being full of Continental superstitions, you found no restaurant you could trust and so went to bed hungry, a stranger in a strange land.

Then through the velvet star-studded wilderness of night there came the sound of very delicate and delightful music played, you supposed, by some strange insects. Ethereal and sweet, this music of the spheres finally pacified you. But in the morning you discovered that it was produced by small frogs, "coquís," who congregated and sang together from the ditches, somehow tuning in harmoniously to make a great body of high-pitched symphonic sound.

You rarely hear these tiny frogs near your highly urban hotel, though a single one stridently tunes up occasionally. But through your window you can study the daily life processes of an entire family that lives on the porch of a huge abandoned house next door until such time as it is torn down. The tragic Spanish movies would bore you; a little of their comedy is enough; the American movies are six months old. How spend the evenings—for it will be months before the Puerto Ricans you know will invite you into their homes.

You decide to telephone a friend in the States. You walk to the International Telephone Office and enter the lobby where you place your call via a house phone connected to upstairs. You are greeted by angels from above in perfect English spoken, you surmise, by one of the several ravishing beauties who climb and descend the stairs nearby

as shifts begin and end—girls lovely enough for any musical comedy and all tastefully attired.

Naturally you brought the inevitable book to read while waiting. You sit on a hard bench among others who also sit and wait, but talk softly. It takes only two hours to get a call through to Ponce or Mayagüez, each less than a hundred miles away; what an optimist you are to expect to get through to the States tonight! When you inquire about progress at the end of an hour you are told from above that the telephone you want is busy; at the end of another hour you are told it does not answer.

The call is not urgent, you feel sleepy, but decide to wait a half-hour more. Then an enchanting princess descends the stairs and calls your name. You respond and she says: "I am so very sorry, but we cannot put your call through because the line to the States has been out of order for three hours," or ever since you came.

You neither complain nor ask explanations, for this, too, is Puerto Rico. You stroll back to the hotel, getting a Coca-Cola en route at a place where it is poured from the bottle into a sanitary paper cup by a child of thirteen or fourteen, a gravid female child following the tradition of the mahogany bed and probably married to some mature man. The Coca-Cola is six cents; excellent Puerto Rican beer is available at fifteen cents, United States beers at a little more. For the more depraved, rum and soda is twenty-five or thirty-five cents.

You easily resist the blandishments of several raucous nightclubs and return to your room to retire and read. You re-examine the harbor, a stage setting under a tropical moon, the very tops of a few royal palms standing in lonely grandeur between it and your window. The harbor looks scarcely large enough for the huge vessels, naval and freight, that somehow manage to enter and even turn around in it.

Tonight you trust there will be no celebrations, no parties, no brawling babies, no unusually close planes, and no returning American drunks. You pass from your book to slumber hardly aware of the deviation, then an hour later you are rudely awakened by someone persistently slamming the shutter door of his room, obviously an American drunk who thinks it will latch if slammed. Then comes the bass voice of the huge American woman tourist in another room nearby:

"You slam that door once more, you obscenity, and I'll come out there and crush your damned empty head like an eggshell!"

"Silencio" supervenes and you again drift off to sleep, only to be reawakened by persistent soft knocking on the window shutter that separates your room from the balcony-corridor outside. It is now two a.m. You open your own shutter door to find the night bellboy, manager, and telephone operator there. He cries breathlessly: "Teléfono Internacional!" He speaks no English.

You patter outside to the one telephone in the corridor—there is one on each floor, and say "Hello." A soft, sweet voice, obviously the property of one of the telephone office princesses, addresses you thus:

"This is the International Telephone Company. We are so very sorry we could not complete your call to the United States this evening. But will you next time please telephone to us during the morning or afternoon of the day you wish to make a call, telling us the phone number and what time in the evening you wish to be connected? We can serve you better if you make such an appointment. Good night!"

You are speechless with astonishment. You mumble something incoherent. So that is why they asked for your address and home phone at the telephone office! You replace the receiver and trundle back to bed to try to go to sleep again.

You register no complaints, for this also is Puerto Rico!

Needed for Liberalism: a New Metaphysics and a New Program

By D. W. GOTSHALK

THESE are generally conceded to be dark days for liberals. The The peoples of the world, now rather loosely divided into two great opposing groups, are being dominated increasingly by ideological extremes. One large group is already in bondage to totalitarianism. In the other group, the impulses to totalitarianism are active and strong. The liberal, being moderate in tendency, is caught in between. As he is cuffed by the bears of the Left, he is being gored by the bulls of the Right. Both would level down the freedom for which he stands to a narrow and crooked line of action, and a narrow and crooked line of thought.

The liberal should not be surprised at this. His inveterate effort is to maintain a reasonable position and a middle course. Inevitably this subjects him to double exposure. To the nearsighted hatchet men of the Right, he can only seem over on the Left, a dupe, pinko, or fronter. To the mechanically minded men of the Left, he must belong dialectically to the Right, to the soft decadent outer crust of a diseased and dying civilization. In our tense and angry world, inevitable as this dilemma is, it is also extremely dangerous for the liberal. It invites enmity from two directions, indeed, from the two really strong and opposite entrenchments facing each other today. The question naturally arises: Is not this a time for the liberal to duck, to let the big boys go at each other alone, and cut each other down? Can liberalism

PROFESSOR D. W. GOTSHALK is chairman of the Department of Philosophy at the University of Illinois. He is the author of *Structure and Reality*, *Metaphysics in Modern Times*, *Art and the Social Order*, and one of his chief interests is in philosophical analysis of modern culture.

be effective in a power-crazy world which is void of peace, and which believes that peace can be reached only with a gun on the table? This is, as I understand it, one of the greatest challenges to liberalism in our times. To answer it, the first necessity probably is some re-examination of the whole meaning of liberalism, and the discovery of some suitable common meaning for liberalism at the present time.

In what follows, I would like first of all to touch briefly and critically on certain aspects of liberalism, specifically, on what might be called its programmatic, metaphysical, methodological, and ethico-social aspects, with a view to finding some valid common meaning for modern liberalism today. Then, a brief estimate of the current significance of liberalism, and a suggestion regarding the strategy for liberalism now, will be given.

Before proceeding, however, let me remind the reader of one very special difficulty. It is not that liberalism, like any term with a long history, inevitably has acquired many meanings. This, indeed, it has. But, further, a great deal of respectable modern liberal thought has been developed in connection with a flux philosophy that has interpreted everything as changing and rejected permanent verities and fixed truths as oversimplifications of fact and stiflers of Progress. Truth exists in a medium of change and subject to change, and what is true in one situation may not be true in the next.

Obviously, this view of Truth was not intended to apply to the truth of the flux philosophy. This philosophy was supposed to be permanently and perennially true, for, if not, truths are not in principle always subject to change. Probably liberalism was also intended to be an exception. But here some confusion enters and liberals have put forth conflicting claims. Some liberals, radical partisans of the flux, have indeed contended that liberalism has no general or abiding meaning. Others, philosophically naive and ignorant especially of the fluxers, have thought that their specific *ad hoc* proposals were this general meaning. Still others, not very clear about the whole matter, and inclined to straddle, have mingled enduring and transient elements in varying proportions. These uncertainties in the minds of liberals themselves make very difficult any effort to determine what people, and particularly people who call themselves liberals, are likely to agree is the common or essential meaning of modern liberalism today.

I

But certainly, to begin with, the most obvious aspect, the programmatic aspect of liberalism—its specific *ad hoc* proposals—cannot be its common meaning, if it has any.

The programs of modern liberalism have varied so much over time as to be almost contradictory. As a social philosophy, modern liberalism arose in the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as a protest of the middle class against the economic and political restrictions of the monarchial order. The center of its program was freedom from government regulation. Free manufacture, free trade, sanctity of private property, the less government the better: these were the leading aims of the classical program. The early liberal was opposed to all forms of social legislation except possibly for public education, and as late as mid-nineteenth century Herbert Spencer was opposed to that. On the other hand, the liberal of the twentieth century, in America and abroad, has inaugurated and carried through a large program of social legislation. He looks upon those who oppose such programs as reactionary or ultra-conservative, and lacking any trace of the genuine liberal outlook. Thus, programmatically liberalism has been quite a jumble, and many a futile argument can be generated by trying to prove something permanent about liberalism solely from its various historical programs. Indeed, since programs tend to be specific, adjusted to particular circumstances, what is a liberal program in one situation may clearly not be in another. Here the flux philosophers are surely right, although the point does not exclude the possibility of a general meaning of liberalism, embodied very differently in different situations, and therefore resulting in very different specific programs.

When one turns from the programmatic to the metaphysical aspect of liberalism in search of such a general meaning, however, one is likely to be disappointed. I use the term metaphysical in its unusual but correct sense, as the theory of the general nature of things. Metaphysical liberalism is a theory of the general nature of the human being and his world. In its earlier modern form this theory held that human beings come into this world endowed with certain inalienable natural rights, self-evident to reason. Among these natural rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of personal satisfaction or happiness. Also, the human being is essentially a rational being who as a matter of fact always acts under the guidance of reason. This last element in the

early metaphysics of liberalism was most strongly emphasized in connection with classical economics.

As P. T. Homan says,

> Stripped of technical jargon, the man presented to view (by classical economics) is one forever taking counsel with himself how he may attain a maximum of pleasure; forever debating whether he will be best served by another bushel of potatoes or another rabbit, whether he shall go fishing or start a new canoe, whether a lean-to to his hut or ten hours' additional leisure will constitute the greater benefit. It is not permitted that these matters resolve themselves into any habitual routine. Every choice of one thing against another, of the present against the future, of work against leisure, must be rationally made in pursuit of the maximum of personal satisfaction. This is in no sense a parody, but expresses the implicit or explicit assumption of the system we are examining.[1]

This early modern liberal conception of the human being as a rational calculating machine has now been generally discarded as a caricature of human nature. Also, the doctrine of natural rights, not to mention self-evident truths, has undergone severe restrictions. The human being is a creature of nature, but even more, in strictly human ways, he is a creature of culture. He is born within a framework of institutions that, before birth, are as much a condition of his existence as a human being, as is the natural order. His original human rights therefore are neither natural, inalienable, nor self-evident *simpliciter*, but more nearly what his culture and system of institutions allow. These rights will vary from culture to culture, and be of the liberal type only in a liberal culture. This has come to seem the more accurate statement of the rights with which human beings come into the world endowed.

The difficulties of the classical concepts of human nature have led liberals to formulate new metaphysics, *e.g.* T. H. Green. But these difficulties have also led some liberals to disclaim any metaphysics, and to insist that liberalism is a method not a metaphysics. This methodological liberalism has been the special darling of the flux philosophers who doubt that any fixed character can be attributed to human nature. But it is also strongly advocated by other liberals, and wisely so, since on procedure it is more often possible to reach general agreement than on metaphysical premises or specific programs.

Methodological liberalism is a faith in critical intelligence or

---

[1]P. T. Homan, *Contemporary Economic Thought* (Harper, 1928), p. 50.

reason as the most suitable and humane method of solving human difficulties. It rejects mere tradition, also force and violence, as ways of solving our problems. It also rejects blind feeling and emotion. It believes in the scrutiny of alternatives, and the acceptance or rejection of alternatives, in the light of all relevant available evidence. It is a faith in the general method of science applied to human affairs.

This view is well stated by Morris R. Cohen in *The Faith of a Liberal:*

> The realization of the pathetic frailty of the knowledge or beliefs on which our life depends thus leads not to despair but to open-eyed courage. But it also points to a most intimate connection between scientific method and liberal civilization. Science is not, as it is popularly conceived, a new set of dogmas taught by a newer and better set of priests called scientists. It is rather a method which is based on a critical attitude to all plausible and self-evident propositions. It seeks not to reject them, but to find out what evidence there is to support them rather than their possible alternatives. This open eye for possible alternatives, each to receive the same logical treatment before we can determine which is the best grounded, is the essence of liberalism in art, morals, and politics. Conservatism clings to what is established, fearing that if we let go, all the values of life will perish. The radical or revolutionary, impressed with the evil of the existing order or disorder, recklessly puts all faith in some principle without regard for the hidden dangers which it may contain, let alone the cruel hardships which readjustments must involve. The liberal views life as an adventure in which we must take risks in new situations, but in which there is no guaranty that the new will always be the good or the true. Like science, liberalism insists on a critical examination of the content of all our beliefs, principles, or initial hypotheses and on subjecting them to a continuous process of verification so that they will be progressively better founded in experience and reason.[2]

Obviously, methodological liberalism is not the doctrine that human beings always or customarily use reason to guide action. It is rather that they should. Nor is it the view that reason necessarily originates all useful solutions of human difficulties. On the contrary, these may originate where they will, in intuition, imagination, or wherever. The doctrine is merely that the judicious scrutiny of ideas however originated, in relation to the evidence recommending them, is the most suitable way to develop ideas into valuable and humane plans of action. By the use of reason, or, the power critically to survey

---

[2]Morris R. Cohen, *The Faith of a Liberal* (Henry Holt, 1946), p. 8.

a situation as a whole or in its wider sweep, the method not only gives most liberal play to the mind of the inquirer, but is most likely to be fair to all sides of a question, and so to reach a solution that will stand the test of further and diverse experience.

Methodological liberalism clearly comes very close to a consistent meaning of liberalism of wide acceptance, past and present. Liberalism in modern times has always stood, as it stands today, for freedom of thought and investigation, freedom of discussion, and freedom of self-controlled judgment. And whatever other meaning or justification these freedoms may have, they are necessary elements in the exercise of the method of reason as just described. Methodological liberalism thus appears to include some of the most elementary and inveterate features of liberalism in all modern history, and in this sense would clearly seem to be a necessary part of the essential meaning of liberalism at the present time.

Is it only part? Is it not all? Does the meaning of modern liberalism include more? Besides a method or means, modern liberalism has professed a set of ends, or a definite moral and social aim. This constitutes the ethico-social aspect of the liberal outlook.

Perhaps the cardinal tenet of ethical liberalism is its claim that the free and harmonious development of the individual human being —all individual human beings—is a supreme good, a good in its own right. Its view is that the individual human being is, so to speak, the finest thing on earth, and each one of them should be given a chance to develop as fully as he can in a rational manner.

This tenet has two implications of far-reaching importance. First, it means that oppression, inconsiderateness, and brutality, but no less injustice, deprivation, and insecurity, whether arising from action by government, individuals, or other social units, are intolerable to a liberal and intolerable in a truly liberal society. They strike at the fountainhead of all liberal values, *viz.* individuals and their development in a rational manner. Second, it also means that the institutional apparatus of a society, including the governmental apparatus, is not an end or a good in its own right, but primarily a means to the development of individuals. Institutions count, but they count because and insofar as they are instruments of growth for the individuals participating in them. This has been the meaning of modern ethical liberalism from Spinoza and Locke to Mill, and from Mill to Whitehead, Dewey and Russell.

II

So much, then, for a critical survey of the four aspects or elements of modern liberalism mentioned at the outset, and of their contribution to a suitable common meaning for liberalism today. To clarify these four elements further, let me ask another and somewhat different question: What should be said about the stature and significance of these aspects of liberalism, especially at the present time?

The recent eclipse of liberalism and the concomitant rise of totalitarianism in the field of action have been attributed to many causes. One of these is the continued growth of a mass civilization in which people's lives have been shaped by machine operations and machine products, and the human individual has been overmatched by a brimming sea of smoke, noise, traffic, and assembly lines that have tended to reduce him to an insignificant mechanical operator. Equally important here also is said to be the continued and immense growth of large-scale methods of manipulating masses of people together with a steady lowering in people of the threshold of resistance to manipulation. Given these, you have a setup well prepared for exploitation by some standard brand of irrationalism that can galvanize the fears and discontents of the moment.

But even more deadly for liberalism than this general deindividualizing and dehumanizing setup has been the particular end animating recent large-scale social action. The overriding end has been to secure and expand national power, as something good in its own right. To the extent that this has been in ascendance, as in Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain, Japan, and elsewhere during the last thirty-five years, totalitarianism has triumphed, and liberalism has faded out. To the extent that this end has been tempered by considerable primary concern for humanitarian goals, as in the United States and Great Britain during much of the same period, liberal thought has had a hearing, liberal aims and programs have advanced human well being, and liberals themselves have played important roles.

As a set of ends, you might say, liberalism has been indeed the one really effective and proved alternative to totalitarianism in recent times. It has produced numerous, tangible, excellent results. The moral of this is plain. The wastage and ruin wrought by modern totalitarianism are still evident on all sides. The major source of our anxiety and distress today, as in the recent past, can be traced to

totalitarian tyrants. What is needed first of all, then, is to point up the clear consequences of the current power struggle among nations, its inescapable totalitarian tendencies, and the folly and fatuity of recent totalitarian accomplishment. This would be to put the overriding end of large-scale social action of the moment in its proper perspective. Equally important, however, is the delineation of liberalism as the one proved alternative to totalitarian madness that has borne good fruit in recent times. This seems to me to sum up the importance of liberalism as a theory of human aims and objectives in recent history, and to indicate the immense prospective significance it still retains today as a set of human goals.

In its method as in its ends, I believe, liberalism also retains enormous significance. The method of reason, the reflective and critical consideration of ideas in relation to evidence, is far from infallible. Also, guesswork, mystic intuition, emotive word-painting, or authoritarian fiat may often lead to quicker conclusions or arouse people to more swift and frenzied action. But the only barrier to barbarism in our interdependent, technological world is the free consideration of proposals by representative people who take into account all that is known to be involved, and possess the will to agree to the best solution that can be found by a rational consideration of all that is involved. When what is involved is, as for liberalism, the well-being of human individuals, and in the case of a nation (say) the well-being of all its citizens, there seems no surer way to this end than the method of free discussion and rational assent that are central to liberal procedure.

Thus, the two stars in the liberal crown—respect for reason, and respect for the individual—still have momentous value for our times. They are strongly defensible on historical and theoretical grounds. This does not mean that the only problem for liberalism today is the practical one of how to win the minds of men in the nation and the world. This is its most urgent and embarrassing perplexity. But many theoretical difficulties remain, even regarding method and goals. Thus, it may be asked, how does reason operate in the field of values? Can reason attain results here approximating natural science? Is a rational science of values consistent with the individualism of liberalism? How can the method of reason cope with the basic irrationality of human nature? And regarding the aim of liberalism, its concern for the individual, what is meant precisely by the well-being of human in-

dividuals? What are the specific ends of individual existence? What indeed is the good from the individual's point of view?

Besides these theoretical difficulties in the method and ends of liberalism, there are even greater difficulties in its metaphysics and program. Liberalism needs a new metaphysics, and it needs a new program. These needs are not unrelated to its method and goals. Liberalism needs a fresh and more complex grasp of human nature, of the subtle and massive irrationalities of human nature, and of the position of the human being in Nature, in order that it may have a solid underpinning of fresh fact on the basis of which to employ its procedures and to re-project its ideas of ends or values. Also, it needs a new program in order that its method and ends can be given new and compelling forms. Many of the most fruitful programs that liberalism has developed even in recent times—not all but many—have now been taken over by conservatives, and become settled features of our social landscape. Something fresh and exciting must be developed not only to extend the margin of progress already made, but to enable the liberal outlook to seize the imagination of peoples more widely and strongly than it has in the last decade. Only by a sharp and picturesque redefinition of proposals, especially in our power-hungry world, can the perennial elements of liberalism remain as significant in our times as theoretically they are.

Meanwhile, liberalism remains submerged on the practical front. The problem of keeping it alive as a practical force, even here in the United States, is a very real one. Discussion can help. But more important still is vigorous practical leadership, a new generation of active and vocal statesmen, tinged with liberal conviction. In this connection, I believe, the liberal should not fear, nor should he despise to use, the emotional color and passionate appeal so compelling with human beings. The liberal of the past has often assumed that the human being can be made rational by logic. The fact is that he cannot be made rational without logic, but also, he cannot be made rational without conviction. Logic is too thin an instrument to effect rationality as a trait of the whole person. Too often in the past the liberal has also thought that his doctrine required him to cede the power of the passions to the agents of hatred and oppression. But there is no reason why this enormous power should not be turned to rational ends and serve to bulwark these ends with energy and conviction. Indeed, it is

along these lines I believe that a revival of liberalism in the practical sphere is unquestionably possible. But it may be possible in less strenuous ways—by the stupidity of its enemy at home and abroad, and by the smile of fortune.

Yes, It Was the Era of New Erewhon

By Harold Witt

Several saviors later, improving pumpkins
orange and plump, pleased our botanists—
approving scientists disguised as aunts exclaimed,
meanwhile administering a clinic kiss:
"One would never know he was once maimed,
that stainless hand had ever been plain bone."

There were saving substitutes for everything,
those fashionable fake fabrics often better,
unnoticeably rained-on, as pressed if slept in,
new breeds replacing the red and simple setter,
machines to mimic the secrets of the sun,
almost emotion almost spun from water.

Soon, that poets' plaything, the romantic moon,
its silver deserts and sable ranges named,
would be an airbase in infinity
and otherworlds revealed, as Lucretius claimed,
a plethora of men, and sparse divinity,
hazards more drastic than our experts dreamed.

Yes, it was the era of New Erewhon,
of Brave New World, nearly nineteen eighty four—
We sat air cooled at bluish television,
pretending laughter though clowns only bored;
and censored drama lacked a certain vision.
We whored and warred and hated, as before.

Harold Witt's poetry has appeared in a number of magazines. He won a Hopwood award for poetry in 1947.

A STORY

The Advancement of Learning

By CHARLES KAPLAN

DURING FINAL EXAMINATIONS, while his students were busily scratching away in their blue books, it was the custom of Professor Nathan Lowell Potter to mark completed examinations from one of his other classes. On this cold, blue-bleak morning in late January, at the last meeting of his class in nineteenth-century poetry, Professor Potter sat at his desk with a pile of blue books before him; but today he was too bemused to follow his usual practice. While the twenty-three young men and women were occupied in giving back to him what they believed he had given them during the term begun so long ago in September, Professor Potter's mild blue eyes roamed constantly over their down-turned heads, as if seeking the answer to a baffling riddle in the pattern of crewcuts and feathercuts, ponytails and ducktails.

The room was curiously muted, and had, as a result, taken on an unusual character. Normally echoing either to his own voice or to the voices of students, now it seemed to be a different room, with a new and different set of sounds: the scratching of pens on papers, intermittent clanks and wheezings from the radiator under the windows, an occasional cough, the rustling of paper—all slight noises, but now greatly amplified in the absence of the more prevalent sounds.

From his desk, Professor Potter could see the lawn in front of University Hall. The pride of the buildings and grounds department, which guarded it tenderly and jealously during spring and summer, it now seemed to be wearing a tattered blanket of faded gray wool. Where the long winter's snows had begun to run off, naked brown spots of earth showed through the remaining dirty snow: from a distance, the lawn looked scrofulous. A pale sun, grudgingly providing light but withholding warmth, cast shadows of thin and barren elms

---

This is CHARLES KAPLAN's first published short story. He is Assistant Professor of English at Roosevelt College.

over the lawn. Professor Potter followed with his eyes the curving walk from University Hall across the lawn to the tall stone pillars, joined by an intricately-designed wrought-iron arch, which marked the edge of the campus. This morning nobody was hurrying up the walk or loitering at the gates: the grounds were empty and disturbingly desolate.

Determinedly, he turned back to the classroom and straightened his chair. Picking up a red marking pencil, he placed his other hand on the stack of blue books, but, as if hypnotized, went no further. He fingered the pencil idly, and resumed his abstracted inspection of the figures sitting bowed in labor before him. There were depths to one of these twenty-three of which Professor Potter had recently been given a momentary and appalling vision; he shook his head in wonderment at the recollection. But no eye looked up to meet his; all continued to sum up the results of their exposure to the poets from Blake to Swinburne. Some of these results, he knew from past experience, would bear only the slightest resemblance to what his lectures had contained; but he had long since ceased being surprised at finding his ideas, and indeed his very words, come back in a manner so distorted as to make them occasionally unreadable and almost unrecognizable. It was, of course, somewhat disquieting, and Professor Potter had to ask himself, at least twice each year, whether his powers of expression were so limited as to make communication between himself and his students virtually impossible. But the presence of one or two students each year to whom he obviously had come through gave him one saving answer to that question. The other possible answer had been given classically by the boy, some semesters back, who had clearly never opened his anthology but had depended on a none-too-acute ear: his final examination had included references to Mr. Coldridge, Mr. Keets, and Mr. Cluff.

Someone this semester, however, had surpassed even that unforgettable student (who had, in any event, gone on to make a distinguished record for himself in basketball). One of the twenty-three now assiduously filling up page after page of his blue book had gone far past the bounds of legitimate interpretation. It would be funny, thought Professor Potter, if it weren't serious. Now there's an original thought. . . .

He scraped his chair back, arising, and stepped to the blackboard.

He erased the "3" from the warning "35 Minutes Left" and neatly replaced it with a "2." Several of the students looked up, and the customary reactions were manifested: some began to scribble twice as fast, one boy clapped his hand to his forehead in desperation, and one or two sat as if hypnotized by the fact of the ineluctable passage of time. For perhaps the hundredth time since that memorable scene in the dean's office, Professor Potter asked himself the same question: which one of these twenty-three could have had the tremendous positive self-assurance, not to mention the possible other motives, to have reported to the dean that Professor Potter was a communist and was spreading communism in his poetry class?

Ten days ago, stopping at the Faculty Exchange in University Hall to pick up his mail before going home, Professor Potter had found a brief note from Dean Ingleside asking him to present himself on the following afternoon in regard to a matter of some importance. At that time, there was only one matter of some importance which could have involved him with the dean: it was the question of whether he would be given a permanent appointment on the faculty of the state university, or whether, at the end of this trial year as a visiting lecturer, he would have to return to the small teacher's college from which he had been summoned.

When he had showed the note to Martha upon arriving home, her reaction had been the same as his. "Oh, Nat!" she exclaimed. "I won't be able to sleep tonight!"

"I doubt if I will, either," he replied. "Why don't you go make us some double old-fashioneds so that we can at least make the waiting more pleasant?"

Later, Martha looked around at the comfortably shabby living-room. "I've already decided how I'm going to re-do this place," she declared happily. "It's a nice house all right, but it's been allowed to get run down."

"Whoa!" he called. "You're assuming that I'm going to get the appointment. Suppose Ingleside is merely giving me notice that I'm not going to be here next year?"

"Oh, Nat, he couldn't!" she exclaimed.

"He could. After all, I was hired on a purely provisional basis, you remember, just so that they could look over my wares. Not every rookie stays up in the big leagues, you know."

"I won't hear talk like that!" she said. She put her glass down on an end-table, and came over to sit on the floor at his knees. He tugged at her earlobe, playfully, as she rested her head on his knees. "Nat, I've been thinking lately how wonderful it would be to stay on here, for all of us. I know how much more you enjoy teaching at State, and how much better it is for you than back at the Dismal Swamp." He grinned at the familiar faculty nickname for the college from which he was on leave. "Marilyn and Jimmy have made a lot of friends their age—I like the town and the people we've met and even this old house, in spite of the bad plumbing—oh, Nat, it'll be too awful if you aren't taken on permanently!"

He patted her head solicitously, wanting to tell her that the chances, after all, were at best 50-50. But he did not have the heart to. Everything that Martha had said was true: apart from the welcome increase in salary, the professional atmosphere here was so much more inspiring and conducive to good teaching and scholarship than it had been in the stagnant slough he had left, that in the past five months Professor Potter had felt himself reinvigorated and refreshed as he had not been since his first year as a college professor, some ten years ago. He had originally begun full of spirit and vitality, but a succession of instructorships at provincial, confined, and authoritarian-minded colleges had almost made him regret his choice of career. Then, on the strength of an article on Shelley's imagery in one of the professional journals, an article which attempted a new reading of Shelley in the light of the new criticism, he had been invited to spend a year at State as a replacement for one of the staff who was away on a Ford Fellowship, with the understanding that if his work were satisfactory he would be retained at the rank of assistant professor. Donald Hastings, the chairman of the English department, was, he knew, pleased with his work; and his relationships with his other colleagues had been uniformly pleasant. There was really no reason why he should not assume that Ingleside was going to tell him that the permanent appointment had been approved by the president. But, with the caution of a man who had seen a number of his dreams dissipate in the way dreams usually do, Professor Potter hesitated to admit out loud that he could see no objection to Martha's instituting plans for re-doing the house.

That night, as he brushed his teeth before retiring, he gazed at

the lean and rather gaunt-looking face that gazed back at him from the bathroom mirror. He would be forty in two more months, and, he decided objectively, he looked it. The stringy hair wasn't any thinner than it ever had been, but the once red thatch was now sadly anemic; the skin was beginning to sag around his Adam's apple; and the crow's feet were more sharply imprinted than they ever had been before. Well, the alternative to growing old always made one thankful for growing old, he reflected in the words of the platitude; and at least (and at last) we're about to settle down. That is, he added quickly to the image in the glass, if this message from Ingleside is what we all hope it is. He bared his teeth pleasantly at his reflection, and shuffled off to a sleepless bed.

At three the next afternoon he was ushered into Dean Ingleside's inner office by the dean's poker-faced secretary, who never revealed anything of what she knew by either word or deed. Professor Potter paused at the threshold of the crowded and cluttered office, noting that Donald Hastings, pipe in mouth, was already there, slouching in a lumpy green leather sofa. The dean arose from behind a paper-littered desk to greet Professor Potter.

"Ah, Mr. Potter," he smiled, extending his hand. "How are you? You know Mr. Hastings, of course," he added, making his automatic joviality. Hastings grunted from the sofa, and Potter merely smiled noncommitally. Ingleside waved him to an armchair at the side of his desk, and he himself settled back into place behind the mounds and stacks of paper on his desk. He did not look at Potter, but began to shuffle around some of the papers with a display of efficiency.

"Well, let's get down to business," he exclaimed. "This needn't take very long."

Potter remained silent. He tried catching Hastings' eye, but the chairman was busy puffing out billows of smoke toward the ceiling.

"I should first tell you, Mr. Potter," the dean began, "that as far as the administration is concerned we have been wholly satisfied with your performance during this past semester; moreover, Mr. Hastings assures me that you have become quite a valuable member of his staff. That is all to the good, and I feel you should know how we stand in this matter." He paused, momentarily, and Professor Potter suddenly knew that the next word must be "However."

"However," the dean continued, "some rather—ah—unusual in-

formation has come to our attention. I hope it is not true—I don't think that it is—but the mere fact that such an accusation has been made calls for investigation and also, perhaps, explanation."

From the sofa an especially thick billow of smoke issued, almost concealing its source. Potter thought he heard a muffled "Ha!" from behind the fog.

"Well," Professor Potter replied, "I would certainly like to know what this accusation is. Then I may be able to offer an explanation."

Dean Ingleside swung around in his chair and looked at Potter fixedly from under thick black eyebrows, which now converged in a frowning stare. For a moment he was quiet. Then he suddenly barked: "Potter, are you a communist?"

The question was so unexpected that Professor Potter's first impulse was to laugh, an impulse which he just managed to smother. The corners of his mouth turned in a smile despite his best efforts. "Why, no, sir," he replied, finally. "Is *that* the charge against me?"

"Yes, goddamit!" exploded Hastings, heaving himself up from the sofa. "There you are, George," he bellowed at the dean, "you heard Potter deny it, you've heard me deny it, you know yourself that it isn't true. What a fuss to make because some damn fool kid writes a poison pen letter! Come on, let's get out of here—I'm wasting my time."

"Just a minute, Don," called Ingleside, raising his hand. "It isn't so easily disposed of. Sit down, please." He turned to Potter again. "An anonymous letter from a student in your class in nineteenth-century poetry informs us that you have spent a considerable amount of time disseminating revolutionary propaganda and advocating communistic principles. These are serious charges."

"Yes," agreed Professor Potter. "I'll agree that the charges are serious. But they are utterly without foundation. I can't imagine for the life of me what the basis of such accusations might be—or why anyone should want to make such accusations."

"The author of the letter," Ingleside continued ominously, "gives particulars."

"Good. I'd like to hear them."

"Let me see. Here's the letter," said Ingleside, plunging his hand into the pile on his desk and unerringly withdrawing the correct piece of paper. "I'll start here. 'Professor Potter has certain favorite poets,

and by a peculiar coincidence it seems that all of his favorites were in favor of revolution. He spent a whole week talking about William Blake, for example, and Blake isn't really even a nineteenth-century poet, so you can see how he was dragged in. According to Professor Potter, Blake was important because he was against everything, traditional Christianity, established government, science, and etc. Now a man who is against everything, and whom even Mr. Potter had to admit was probably insane, because he saw visions and wrote in such a way that even today we can't understand him, why should we study him?' " Dean Ingleside interrupted his reading and coughed slightly. "The syntax is confusing," he admitted, and then resumed: " 'Furthermore, according to our professor, the big thing about the Romantic Poets was that they were all revolutionaries at heart. When Wordsworth was a revolutionary poet, he was a good poet; but later, when he turned away from the French Revolution, he was not a good poet, according to the lectures. Mr. Potter's special favorite, though, is Shelley, probably because he was the most radical of all the poets. He gets positively excited when he talks about the way Shelley agitated against the political and economical trends of his day. The way Mr. Potter explained it, you would think that everything Shelley did was perfect. And I don't admire the principles of Mr. Godwin as much as Shelley or Mr. Potter—I think that they are atheistical and communist. Even Mr. Potter admitted that Godwin was a communist. In spite of this, though, he admires this man and his influence on Shelley. Well, I don't, and I think that someone in authority should be told of what goes on in our English classes. Instead of teaching us about the beauties of poetry, we are slyly being given subversive ideas. This is not why our parents send us to the state university, and I am sure they would be shocked if they would find out. I have nothing against the particular professor in question, but I merely would like to have the proper authorities informed, so that they can take the proper action. Signed, A Student.' "

Dean Ingleside swung his chair away from Professor Potter and tossed the letter back on his desk. "The syntax may be confusing, but the sense is perfectly plain—and so is the intent."

"So is the silliness!" exclaimed Hastings.

"It may strike you as being silly," Ingleside replied calmly, "but I have found that, in a state university, one can't be too careful.

Trustees are touchy, taxpayers are even touchier, and the slightest incident can cause heaven knows what repercussions. We have to move carefully, Potter—and especially in times like these. You know that. We all know that. We have to lean over backwards."

"George!" exclaimed Hastings again. "You sound as though you're actually taking this bastardly letter seriously!"

"Well, I don't, in one way, of course. But then, again, in another way I do—I have to. That's part of my job as dean, taking things seriously, and seeing that little things don't get blown up in the headlines as big things. Preventive medicine, you might say."

"What the hell is Potter to do—stop teaching Shelley because Shelley was a crackpot English radical?" Hastings demanded.

"I don't know anything about Shelley," replied Ingleside imperturbably. "As you know, Don, I'm a biologist—and many's the time I wish I were back in the lab, instead of wrestling with paper work in the dean's office. All I know is that we must take special pains nowadays to avoid creating any unfavorable impressions. And that means in all of our classes. We have to be aware of another dimension in our teaching today, gentlemen—and that is in the dimension of public relations. A kid like that who writes home that one of his English professors is spreading communist propaganda—why, he's potentially as dangerous as an atom bomb! We'll have the trustees or a legislative investigating committee on our necks so fast that we won't know what hit us."

Professor Potter spoke for the first time, choosing his words carefully. "But wouldn't it be fairly self-evident," he asked, "that this professor was not spreading propaganda? Wouldn't anyone recognize the distinction between the dissemination of propaganda and the factual exposition of political theory?"

The dean looked at him condescendingly. "My dear Mr. Potter," he replied, "I may recognize it, and you may recognize it—but don't count on many other people's recognizing it."

"Are you at least convinced that Potter himself isn't a communist?" inquired Hastings scornfully.

"I'm quite sure that Mr. Potter is too intelligent a man to be a communist," Ingleside replied. "But I hope he is also intelligent enough to see how he must convince others that he is not one."

"Okay," said Hastings abruptly. "That's clear. Everything has been

explained, Potter will watch his step, and now we've all got work to do. Let me out of here—I need fresh air. No offense to you, George."

The dean stood up, indicating that, for his part, the interview was over. He offered his hand to Potter again, who took it dazedly. He felt only that he would like to escape as quickly as possible to a secluded corner where he could think quietly for about fifteen minutes. The dean put one arm around his shoulder and led him through his office, through the outer room where the poker-faced secretary, busy at her typewriter, did not deign to look up. Hastings lumbered along at his other side, puffing out gusts of smoke.

"I'm glad to have had this chance to talk with you, Professor Potter," said the dean at the outer doorway. "I'm sure we can count on your common sense to tell you what to do in the future."

"Of course you can," Hastings said indignantly.

"You wouldn't want to do anything, I'm sure, that would jeopardize either the university or your own very bright future here." The dean paused and raised a significant eyebrow at Professor Potter. "That's about all I should have to say. You can take it from there."

"Thank you, Dean Ingleside," Professor Potter replied. "I'll do my best." He followed Hastings down the deserted corridors of University Hall to the offices of the English department, where the two men silently donned their hats, coats, and overshoes, each busy with his own reflections. It was not until they had descended the worn stone steps to the path across campus that Hastings broke the silence.

"Well, how do you like that?" he inquired as they trudged through the slush of the January dusk. He kicked viciously at a fallen icicle in his path.

"I don't know whether to laugh or cry," said Potter slowly. "The thing is so ridiculous that—that it sounds like a joke of some kind. And yet Ingleside was taking it seriously."

"Ingleside suffers from administrative arterio-sclerosis," snapped the other savagely. "He used to have a head on him before he became a dean."

"I've had complaints before," Potter continued reflectively. "I've had students fill out the rating scales, you know, and they've said that they couldn't read my handwriting, or that my voice was too monotonous, or that my assignments were too heavy—but, my God! I've never been accused of being a subversive character before!"

"Ah, forget it," said Hastings. "I'm turning off here. See you tomorrow. At least somebody got the notion that you were excited about Shelley—that's something, anyway." He plunged off abruptly into the gathering dusk. Professor Potter walked home in a thoughtful mood. . . .

He shook himself free from his reverie and stepped to the blackboard again, this time replacing the "2" with a "1." He tapped on the desk with his pencil and announced: "I'm calling your attention to the fact that you have fifteen minutes left. Be sure to save some time to proofread your blue books before handing them in."

The faces stared up at him with various expressions of weariness, astonishment, perplexity, and vacuity. Which of these faces, he wondered, which of these faces? Was it the strong-jawed young man in the rear row, who always expressed himself so positively, and frequently so erroneously? Was it the intense-looking girl near the window, whose big eyes seemed so much more enlarged through her thick lenses? Was it the casual but extremely expensively-dressed young Apollo whose characteristic attitude all semester had been one of disdain as he reclined on the back of his neck? Or was it any one of a half dozen fluffy-haired young maidens, practically indistinguishable from each other in their uniforms of cashmere sweaters, flannel skirts, and flat shoes?

He would never know, probably. But what about the next time he would offer this course? Would there then be another to send an anonymous complaint to the dean? Nothing was too unlikely nowadays, it seemed. And if that should happen, what would be his chances of getting the appointment? The return to the Dismal Swamp seemed only too real to him; and the disappointment for Martha and the children would be literally unbearable. Ingleside had practically told him that the appointment was his, if he managed to avoid embarrassing situations like this one. Professor Potter thought, ironically, that the embarrassment should have been Ingleside's, in having to take the position that the way Shelley had been taught represented a possible threat to the well-being of the state university. And yet he had *not* been embarrassed; on the contrary, his behavior had been such as to indicate that he had seen nothing either embarrassing or ridiculous in the affair. Professor Potter reflected that the entire episode, to put the most charitable light on it, was merely childish; to dignify it by taking

it seriously was evidence of a lack of balance, of proportion. And yet, it had been raised to a level of the highest meaningfulness, a level on which decisions could be made that could in turn affect the future of himself, his wife, and his children. Lack of balance was the charitable interpretation; a less kind one would make Ingleside out to be—what? a coward? Or merely an official especially quick and responsive to the pressures of public opinion? But even before it expressed itself? The defenders of academic freedom seem to be going about their task in a somewhat peculiar fashion, Professor Potter thought.

He looked up suddenly, to see a blue book being deposited on his desk. He murmured a "Thank you" to its owner, a casual young man who flipped him a jaunty farewell. Could it have been that one? Two girls now approached his desk, blue books in hand, and Professor Potter took their papers from them, all three exchanging silent smiles expressive of relief, gratitude, hope, and farewell. Other students now began to drift up to the desk. Professor Potter stood up and came around to the front of the desk, collecting the examinations as his students clustered around. A murmur and then a babble of voices was raised in the room. "Time's up," he called. Two young men were still feverishly scrawling away in the hope that their last remarks would find the magic phrase to lift their marks from a C to a B. (Could it have been one of these?)

After the last student had finally departed, Professor Potter jogged the twenty-three blue books together into one neat stack and slipped a rubber band around them. And this stack of paper was the measure of his students for another semester, he reflected. But was there an instrument that could weigh Professor Potter? Had science devised a means to measure the lowering of one's level of integrity? Could a decline in self-respect be calibrated? Thus: 1½ per cent last year, 3 per cent this year, with a predicted accelerated slippage of 10 per cent next year?

Well, he'd been meaning to revise the course for some time, anyway. Between semesters would be a good time to go over his notes. At the doorway he paused to see if he had forgotten anything. Then he snapped off the light switch, and long shadows leaped across the darkened classroom. He closed the door behind him, and resolutely tried to think of nothing as he plodded down the corridor to the safety and seclusion of his office.

Confession and Return

By MURRAY HAUSKNECHT

THE VISION of "getting a confession" which has dominated the imaginations of such diverse defenders of existing order as the Inquisitor, the MVD man and the local cop in the stationhouse back room has recently seized the imagination of some Congressional investigating committees. Their pursuit of a confession becomes particularly hot and heavy when the witness is an ex-Communist. And like the others who have sought confessions they have scored some impressive successes.

Indeed, such Congressional activity is partly responsible for the growth of a new genre of autobiographical writing, the literature of political confession. The archetype here is of course Whittaker Chambers' *Witness* in which he relates the details of his activities as a member of the Communist Party, the Soviet espionage apparatus, and his subsequent break with the conspiracy. Louis Budenz, Hede Massing, Elizabeth Bentley and others have written books dealing with similar matters following their appearances before committees.

Newspaper accounts and book reviews have focussed attention on the conspiratorial activities these confessions have disclosed. Rarely have these accounts paid much attention to the meaning or significance of the confessions themselves. This parallels the usual approach to confessions which result from Soviet purge trials. Here there is speculation on how the confessions are extracted, but there are few attempts to consider seriously the question of the seemingly fanatical insistence on making the accused confess.

Once we recognize, however, that individuals like Chambers occupy a peculiar position in the society another way of viewing the phenomenon of confession emerges. That is, Chambers was at one time a deviant or nonconforming person who now seeks to return to

---

MURRAY HAUSKNECHT is Professor of Sociology at Hunter College.

a more approved position in the society. This suggests that confession may be a means for reintegrating the once deviant person with the rest of society. Coupling this idea with the fact that various types of policemen seem to make a fetish of confessions, it is further suggested that there is a connection between confession and the perennial problem of nonconformist behavior and the maintenance of a social order.

II

The ex-Communist can use confession as an effective means of approach to the rest of the society because of the elementary fact that it is always addressed to an audience; an interior dialogue is not a confession. While it may start as an introspective act it always ends as a public statement either to the entire group *en masse*, as is the case in some of the fundamentalist sects, or to a delegated representative of the group, as, for example, the Catholic priest. In addition, in all confessions there is a strain toward completeness. The Catholic penitent confesses to *all* his mortal sins, and the purge trial confession usually contains a long list of crimes.

Confessions are never the result of coercion; all those who confess, from the victims of the Inquisition to the victims of a totalitarian state, claim their confessions are voluntary. One of the values of a confession lies in the fact that it is a dramatic symbol of the forces of one set of beliefs over another. For in confessing to crimes or sins the wrongdoer testifies to the force and validity of the moral code which condemns his behavior. When there is no coercion, i.e., human intervention, his confession can be seen as a result simply of the power exercised by the traditional values of a society acting directly upon the person. The returning ex-Communist, the person presumably well acquainted with two competing ideologies, is a living symbol of this power. But he has this symbolic value only when he confesses, for only then does his defection become a positive aid in re-enforcing the traditional beliefs of the majority. In other words, if the ex-Communist wishes to return, that is, be accepted, he must allow his action to be used as a means of intensifying belief.

The dramatic nature of the confession allows it to be used as an educational or propaganda device in a more direct manner. Given its strain toward completeness and its approval by the authorities it can

become an "official" guide to approved behavior and belief. This is particularly important when the nonconforming or (to use a convenient bit of jargon) out-groups claim that they share common values with the in-groups. It may even be used to "educate" in a more blunt fashion. The confessing Russian usually includes a catalogue of "deviations" he has been guilty of, and so makes his confession a *manual for conformist behavior.*

Obviously, if the confession serves unequivocally to approve one set of beliefs it also bolsters the self-esteem of those adhering to those beliefs. There are many changes which can be rung on this theme of flattering a group by paying deference to its beliefs and prejudices. Yet, inevitably, the returning nonconformist will always leave at least part of the group cold. Anyone labeled a "renegade" is morally leprous; the ex-Communist has compounded this sin not only by becoming a Communist in the first place, but by now deserting the Communists. This doubly damned situation is strikingly illustrated in another context. Monica Baldwin in *I Leaped Over the Wall*, a description of her return to secular life after twenty-eight years in an enclosed convent, notes the reaction of relatives to her return: "My aunt and uncle were kind to me: nevertheless, I could not help feeling—as I was to do later with so many of my relations—that my return to the world was not greeted with unmitigated enthusiasm. Oddly enough it was just those who had reproached me most bitterly for Going In in 1914, who expressed the sternest disapproval of my Coming Out in 1941." When people are supposed "to have the courage of their convictions" it sometimes becomes difficult to acknowledge the error of those convictions.

Since the confession is usually made under the aegis of group officials the beliefs deferred to will be those favored by the authorities. The confessing person would, in any case, have to be sensitive to the political situation since conciliation of the dominant factions would considerably ease the path of his return. But whether or not the confession is explicitly designed with this end in view—and very often the individual has no control over the text of his confession—the consequences are the same. So when the Russian prosecutor lists the crimes of the accused and gains his assent to each, the state's claim to omniscience and omnipotence is re-enforced. Similarly, each time the Catholic penitent reviews the list of mortal sins defined by the Church he validates its claim to omniscience in the area of faith and morals.

Since confession starts from an introspective act and ends in a public statement it involves the exposure of the individual. In a society in which privacy is highly valued the loss of it entailed by confession makes the act of confession a self-imposed punishment. This is one of the peculiar values of confession; it combines self-condemnation and punishment in one instrument. Confession in the Catholic Church, for example, is discussed by the *Catholic Encyclopedia* as a "penalty for the violation of God's law." How painful the exposure of one's self to the public gaze may be can be judged by the accounts of insanity and suicide which Whittaker Chambers feels constrained to relate about his family.

It is now relatively easy to understand why the forces of law and order in a society try so desperately to extract confessions. Any deviant individual, whether he is an ordinary thief or a political nonconformist, severely damages the fabric of the social order. Those charged with maintaining order must not only prevent further damage but must also repair the damage already done. Confession is a unique means for making the inevitable existence of nonconformist behavior a means for strengthening the tendencies toward conformity. In more familiar terms, confession makes it possible to mitigate the negative effects of crime and to utilize its very existence for positive ends.

In order fully to grasp the value of confession to the social order and to the individual it is necessary to see it operating within an empirical setting.

III

There are two reasons for choosing Whittaker Chambers *Witness* as a case in point. First, there can be little doubt of his status—a former out-group member seeking membership in more approved groups. Of more consequence, though, is the fact that his occupational skills make analysis of his confession relatively easy. As a valued staff member of various Luce enterprises he had for years dealt in the manipulation of symbols. His interest in ideas is that of a merchandiser of commodities; unlike other intellectual workers Chambers' involvement with ideas for their own sake is secondary to the selling of ideas to a mass audience. Therefore, his main themes tend to emerge clearly and forcefully. This clarity is illustrated immediately upon opening the book. In a "foreword in the form of a letter to my children"

Chambers leaves no doubt that he is engaging in the act of confession. "I am writing a book. In it I am speaking to you. But I am also speaking to the world. To both I owe an accounting."

However, while the confession as a document starts at this point the confession as a social process began before the first reader ever saw the book. A man in Chambers' position has to assume that there are few people disposed to credit his sincerity, and, therefore, to listen to him. What is needed is a certificate of respectability which will guarantee a listening public. In other cases of confession, e.g., the Catholic Church or the Soviet purge trial, the audience is automatically present. Since the American situation is more fluid credentials which command attention are a vital necessity.

Chambers' confession appeared serially in advance of book publication in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and the book itself was a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. These two between them provided both respectability and an audience. Certification of Chambers was made most explicit by the magazine which stated in an editorial note introducing the articles that they constituted "one of the most eloquent and significant pieces of writing to come into our office in many years—with a profound meaning for every American."

But even with this formidable backing the audience is still hostile; it must be appeased if the nonconformist is to be accepted. The initial attempt at conciliation starts from the first word from Chambers' mouth, as it were. He defines "witness" as a "man whose whole life and faith are so completely one that when the challenge comes to step out and testify for his faith, he does so, disregarding all risks, accepting all consequences." The faith for which he is testifying, almost needless to say, is that held by most of his readers. The effectiveness of this approach lies in the fact that Chambers is surrendering unconditionally; he acknowledges his own lack of power and, in effect, casts himself at the mercy of the group. By playing up the disparity in power he enhances the self-esteem of the members of the various in-groups. Furthermore, his willingness to accept the consequences of his confession allows Chambers to concede the moral superiority of the members of the in-groups and their traditional values. Thus, by implication, other beliefs and values have small claim to be tolerated.

Here is another example of how a confession aids not only the

individual but also in defense of the social order. During the Popular Front era of the Communist Party the net effect of the publicity and attention its ideology received was to challenge the belief in the superiority of our traditional values. However, as each confessing ex-Communist testifies to the moral rightness of what the majority accepts their confessions act to repair the damage done by their initial recruitment to the party.

At the same time Chambers testifies to the moral superiority of the majority he strongly condemns all those, Communist and ex-Communist alike, who do not do likewise. Primarily, of course, such condemnations help Chambers in breaking through the barrier of distrust he faces, but it also serves other than purely personal ends. Thus, speaking of ex-Communists, Chambers points to some as still

> haunted by a terrifying thought: What if we were wrong? What if our inconstancy is our guilt? That is the fate of those who break without knowing clearly that Communism is wrong because something else is right, because to the challenge: *God or Man?*, they continue to give the answer: Man . . . man without God is a beast, never more beastly than when he is most intelligent about his beastliness. . . . Man calls it reason and uses it simply to be more beastly than any beast. Not grasping the source of the evil they sincerely hate, such ex-Communists in general make ineffectual witnesses against it. They are witnesses against something; they have ceased to be witnesses for anything. . . .
>
> . . . the only possible answer to the Communist challenge: Faith in God or Faith in Man? is the challenge: Faith in God.

This theme articulates with two subsidiary ones. Chambers skillfully manages to depict himself as both an intellectual and man of the soil who earns a living by the sweat of his brow. He explicity labels himself an "intellectual" and underlines the characterization by calling attention to all the symbols which mark the "highbrow" in our society—frequent references to his enjoyment of the music of Mozart and Beethoven; quotations from the literary classics; vignettes of his reading Shakespeare to his children, and so on. However, in concluding his section of the book devoted to his break from the espionage apparatus he states, "I returned to the land and undertook that second life, which was not only an experience in creative labor, but first and foremost a way of bringing up my children in close touch with the

soil and hard work, and apart from what I consider the false and vitiating influences of the cities." Descriptions of his work on the farm are convincing proof that he is more than a mere "gentleman farmer."

It is apparent that talking of the problem of Communism in terms of a choice between God and Man allows Chambers to restate in emphatic terms that he has purged himself of nonconformity. But in formulating the problem in this manner and repudiating Communism on this ground, when there are alternative ways of stating the issue and rejecting the ideology, Chambers renders practical aid in the fight against Communism in a way probably most acceptable to those he is trying to conciliate. Since the struggle with Communism is often viewed as a battle between "atheistic Communism and God-fearing democracy" his discussion of the issue in similar terms demonstrates his practical value to the society. Furthermore, the evasion of a more specifically political phrasing of the problem makes it easier to secure "sponsorship" like that of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

The desire for acceptance by the in-groups in part motivates Chambers' separation of himself from other ex-Communists: "They are witnesses against something; they have ceased to be witnesses for anything." The need for this distinction rests on the fact that there are at least three possible courses of action open to a person leaving a group like the Communist Party. The "returner" quits the party, seeks acceptance by the in-groups, and becomes active against the Communists by embracing the traditional ideologies. Another course involves becoming politically inactive after leaving the party. The third course leads from the party to still another deviant political group and joining the fight against Communism under its banner. In the extreme form of the latter type, e.g., Communist turned anarchist, the person retains a nonconformist position.

But those who choose this last course still represent a threat to the social order; possibly a more unnerving threat to some than that of Communism. Even his help in the anti-Communist struggle is suspect since he is often unwilling to use some of the methods some groups are willing to utilize, e.g., he is opposed to both the Communists and Senator McCarthy. The nonconforming anti-Communist remains a questioner; he retains a critical attitude toward the world and himself. Such an attitude is never entirely welcome in any society,

and in times of severe ideological conflict it is certainly not conducive to harmonious relations.

Chambers' recognition and condemnation of the nonconforming ex-Communist who does not affirm the superiority of the traditional values points up his own positive contributions. His attitude toward them is in effect, a pledge that he will not be troublesome; the existing social order has nothing to fear from him. Simultaneously he deflects hostility away from himself on to the others. Thus with one throw he helps kill the policeman's bird as well as his own.

IV

In affirming his belief in God Chambers denies the value of reason and knowledge. This position which links reason and bestiality makes an appeal to certain culturally rooted antagonisms. There is a certain ambivalence in the feelings Americans express about reason and knowledge and those who are the exemplars of rationality. On the one hand, education has a high prestige value, and there is a tendency to allow the expert a reasonably free hand in many areas. On the other hand, though, there is never more joy than when the expert falls flat on his face. The festivities occasioned by the failure of the polls in 1948 shows that this ambivalence is strongest when the expert is some variety of social scientist. One of our stereotypes, for example, is that we are a nation of shrewd and discerning people when it comes to political affairs. This belief leads to suspicion and resentment of those who claim to be the "real" experts on the basis of greater knowledge. Every attack on reason in the political sphere supports the belief in such notions as "the native good sense of the American people"; and it makes common sense the only prerequisite for intelligent social action.

An assault on reason is also a thrust at intellectuals who represent an unstable element in any society from the point of view of those with a vested interest in maintaining the *status quo*. At least since the eighteenth century intellectuals in the name of reason and rationality have been dynamic factors in social movements aimed at changing existing political and social systems. The devaluation of reason acts as a defense against whatever power intellectuals can command in a society. The indictment is strengthened by virtue of the fact that it is not launched by a "mere philistine" but another intellectual. In

expressing these sentiments Chambers obviously aligns himself with solid, respectable American tradition. However, something more than verbal protestations are needed in a society deluged with a stream of words if these sentiments are to aid him in being accepted. The return to the land—the flight from "the false and vitiating influences of the cities"—demonstrates by deed that Chambers is sincere in his desire to re-enter the mainstream of American life and thought.

V

As we have seen there is an apparent anomaly in Chambers' confession. We would ordinarily expect it to emphasize contemporary politics and the politics of the recent past; that is, more than just descriptions of the conspiratorial aspects of Communism. Yet there is little political discussion in the book. This lack of interest in political questions is primarily due to the fact—perceptively pointed out by Hannah Arendt—that Chambers is not really interested in politics and probably never has been. But evasion of political discussion in meaningful terms can more or less be expected in political confessions since such discussion may alienate those whom the "returner" is seeking to conciliate.

However, Chambers does deal with recent political history in one short section of his confession. The first time Chambers brought his underground activities to official attention was late in 1939 when he described the operation of the espionage apparatus to Adolf Berle, then Assistant Secretary of State. Berle carried this information to President Roosevelt who refused to take it seriously. This rebuff caused Chambers to take his "first hard look at the New Deal."

> I saw that the New Deal was only superficially a reform movement . . . the New Deal was a genuine revolution, whose deepest purpose was not simply reform within existing traditions, but a basic change in the social, and, above all, the power relations within the nation. It was not a revolution by violence. It was a revolution by bookkeeping and lawmaking. In so far as it was successful, the power of politics had replaced the power of business. This is the basic power shift of all revolutions of our times. . . . But revolution is always an affair of force, whatever forms the force disguises itself in. Whether the revolutionists prefer to call themselves Fabians . . . or Bolsheviks . . . the struggle is for power. . . . At the basic point of the revolution—the shift of power from business to government—the two kinds of revolutionists [New Dealers and Communists] were at one; and they shared many other views and hopes.

The validity or reasonableness of this analysis is not relevant for our purposes. But to understand its significance we must recall that the interpretation is only one of many possible interpretations of the New Deal. Thus, to select but one point, the equation of New Dealers and Fabians with Bolsheviks stresses certain similarities at the expense of many other dissimilarities. Why one emphasis rather than another?

Any group of nonconformists must legitimatize its status, i.e., establish its right to exist. One way of doing this is through the exploitation of the tendency of most normative systems to be ambiguous; the element of uncertainty about just what is expected of people. The nonconformists have to show that their conduct and beliefs are permissible—"normal variations," as it were—within the limits of approved behavior. So, for example, the American Communist Party has tried to show that its doctrines are consistent with the beliefs of Paine, Jefferson, and Lincoln. Similarly, in-groups try to interpret the mores in a fashion which would clearly cut the moral ground from beneath the feet of the non-conformists. This is always a difficult task, and it may be complicated—as it is in this country—by the fact that a certain amount of non-conformity is approved and sometimes encouraged. Yet from the point of view of some groups within the social structure this ambiguity which seemingly gives a foothold to hostile ideologies must be eliminated.

It is in relation to this problem that the confession of an individual like Chambers may become significant. Provided his credentials are in proper order and he can penetrate and dispel the initial hostility toward him, the "returner" can serve as an expert and help in clearly delineating what is approved and disapproved. Communism is definitely unacceptable, but, on the other hand, many New Deal or Socialist programs, for that matter, seem similar to those espoused by the Communists. The lumping of New Dealers together with Bolsheviks converts the implicit uncertainty about ideologies like the New Deal into a certainty that they cannot be justified by the traditional values. Obviously the clarity which this formulation achieves is particularly useful to those groups which are prone to regard New Deal or Fabian philosophies as threats to their self-interest. At the same time Chambers' analysis serves to minimize the role these latter groups play in the "power struggle." His concession of victory to New Dealers and Fabians obscures the fact that "business" is still very much alive and still a powerful and active force in the political arena.

VI

It is common to view whatever strength a group like the Communist Party has as a threat, and to celebrate each defection from its ranks as a victory. But if recent political confessions teach us anything at all it is that the problem is not that simple. Since most ex-Communists desire to become accepted again by society it is entirely understandable that there is a tendency for them to adopt idelogical positions which serve to re-enforce disapproval for deviation and nonconformity.

One source of the strength of a group or a society—as measured by the ability to meet the risks of existence—is the degree of ambiguity inherent in its value systems. Within certain limits such ambiguity represents the necessary conditions for social change or innovation. The innovator is a nonconformist, and he can exist because the mores of a society do not clearly specify that his beliefs and behavior are not permissible. The more precise the normative standards the less the probability of fruitful innovative behavior. Inevitably many returned Communists contribute their bit to circumscribing the area of ambiguity in the mores.

Nor can we sidestep this difficulty by such ideas as the recently proposed "general amnesty" for Communists. The use of punishment and the confession are so closely tied to the necessary task of enforcing the normative standards that it is difficult to see how a society can suddenly forego their use. Amnesty is useful only when punishment is clearly self-defeating; when its disadvantages outweigh the advantages. Such a situation is rare when the behavior subject to punishment represents a direct challenge to the authority of the state. Thus those who were conscientious objectors on religious grounds were pardoned; those who objected on political grounds had to serve out their sentences. The latter apparently represent a greater threat than do religious objectors. If political CO's are viewed in this light it is visionary to expect any society to extend a "general amnesty" to Communists.

However, one thing does seem certain. The practice of encouraging political confessions—a procedure popular with Congressional investigating committees—should be approached with some caution. It is necessary to defend ourselves against Communism, but it is equally necessary that we be wary of weapons which tend to erode the foundations of a free society.

Wilsonian Idealist: Walter Lippmann Goes to War

By HEINZ EULAU

In spite of war, the staid American Academy of Political and Social Science was holding its annual Philadelphia meeting in April, 1917. Indeed, the recent entry of the United States into the war had given added importance to the timeliness of the academy's program—"America's Relation to the World Conflict and to the Coming Peace." And as its keynoter the academy had secured Walter Lippmann, still, at twenty-seven, a young man, but already come into public notice as a spokesman of those who viewed the war as an opportunity for making the world over and creating a democratic peace. The audience included a variety of pacifists, imperialists and defeatists, but Lippmann probably represented the sentiments of the majority of the conference.

The speech was a strange performance. It did not indicate in the least that since the outbreak of the war in 1914 Lippmann, as an editor of the liberal *New Republic*, had searched deeply and sincerely for an understanding of the economic origins of power politics, the emotional foundations of patriotism, the hazardous methods of diplomacy, the obstacles in the way of international organization. What Lippmann told his audience differed little, if at all, from what on the fateful evening of April 2 the President of the United States had told a joint session of Congress.

"We never dreamed," Lippmann would write many years later, recalling the circumstances of the *New Republic*'s appearance, "that there would be a World War before our first issue was printed." Graham Wallas, the English political scientist, had warned him in 1910 that a great war might soon break out, and that it would probably smoulder on for thirty years—an uncanny prediction. But Lippmann,

as he later testified, had "no notion that it would ever touch me or jeopardize the interests of the country." As a matter of fact, he had sailed for England a few days after the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo, in June, 1914:

> I do not remember hearing any discussion of the Serbian crisis, and so little concern did I have with it that in the last week of July I crossed over to Belgium, loitered at Ostend and Bruges and Ghent, went on to Brussels and then bought a ticket for a journey through Germany to Switzerland, where I meant to spend my vacation walking over mountain passes. I remember being astonished and rather annoyed when I went to the railroad station and found that the German border was closed because Belgium had had an ultimatum.

Lippmann's was only an innocence widely shared among Americans. It was the innocence which suggests the emotional roots of American isolationism. Within six years Lippmann would shed it, even if most Americans did not and once more returned to their isolationist predilections. Lippmann, Harold J. Laski wrote to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in early 1920, "is one of the few Americans I've met who realizes that two hundred millions are on the verge of starvation in Europe largely because the Senate has gone back to its splendid and tragic isolation." The war years, and his experiences in these years, were to launch Lippmann on his career as one of the most astute American interpreters of international politics and an ardent apostle of America's international obligations and commitments.

Forced to improvise a new philosophy on very short notice, the editors of the *New Republic*, instead of sounding the clarion call of Roosevelt's "New Nationalism," had to adopt an attitude of careful, cautious groping in the uncharted waters of foreign affairs. Those critics who charged the paper with plucking liberal flowers from the wastelands of violence and hysteria were certainly unjust. As Robert Morss Lovett, surely no warmonger himself, has pointed out, "the paper at first supported the policy of neutrality toward the belligerents so strongly as to be called pro-German." Its general position was that neither side would be able to crush and dominate the other. And as early as March 20, 1915, it made its pioneer pronouncement for a League of Peace—a world federation which would settle international disputes by amicable methods. If any further proof were needed to show that the *New Republic* editors did not simply surrender to the

forces of hysteria, there was their growing dissatisfaction with the belligerent boisterousness of Theodore Roosevelt and their only very gradual support of Woodrow Wilson prior to the election of 1916.

Throughout the spring of 1916 Lippmann had vainly looked for a foreign policy which might justify all the talk about military preparedness he heard in Washington. Even Wilson's League of Nations speech of May 27, shortly before the national conventions, did not impress him. Nor should it be surprising that feelings of personal insecurity engendered by the war would affect a young man as sensitive as Lippmann. Already he had spoken of "inner dissatisfaction" as being "perhaps the most important political fact of our time," and he had sought an at least plausible explanation in the psychological realm:

> We have lived for seventeen months the spectators of events which have no parallel in our lives. . . . We have had nothing to exercise our emotions upon, and we are choked by feelings unexpressed and movements arrested in mid-air. Nothing is so bad for the soul as a feeling that it is dispensed on nothing.

Lippmann's sentiments were shared by others. Justice Holmes, whose own calm enabled him to reflect when others despaired, found Lippmann and his mates "so damn solemn that I have been philosophizing anew on emotional weather and its independence of what might be expected to be the causes. . . ."

It is not too astonishing, therefore, that what Lippmann came to tell his audience in Philadelphia differed little from the official version of the American case against Germany which President Wilson had offered a few days earlier in his message to Congress. At long last the soul was no longer dispensed on nothing. Yet to appreciate the change in Lippmann's outlook—and his was only a typical case among many—it is worth while to compare his speech with the book he had published a year and a half earlier, *The Stakes of Diplomacy*.

In 1915 Lippmann had been a bewildered young man, anxious to discover the truth about the world conflagration: "We are challenged, every one of us, to think our way out of the terrors amidst which we live." No nation, he had believed, "risks war for the sake of abstract justice in some corner of the world." But now, in 1917, Lippmann was only one of those who, in his own words, "like sheep in a shower . . . huddle about the leader." And forgotten were the

courageous words that "because a whole people clamors for a war, and gets it, there is no ground for calling the war democratic." In 1915 Lippmann had pointed out that not only politics, but democracy too, ceases at the water's edge: "Free criticism disappears, a great sameness descends upon the minds of men." But now, in 1917, the great sameness had descended on Walter Lippmann. The world conflict, he now believed, had become a "people's war." Frontier and colonial questions—the stakes of diplomacy—"are now entirely secondary." Of course, selfish interests had a stake in America's entry, but he was also convinced that "the whole perspective is changed today by the revolution in Russia and the intervention of America. The scale of values is transformed, for the democracies are unloosed . . . the war is dissolving into a stupendous revolution." America was not fighting for "imperialistic adventure" but for "the peace and order of the world." Not the stakes of diplomacy, but German atrocities brought America into the war:

> The burning, the shooting, the starving, and the robbing of small and inoffensive nations is tragic enough. But the German crime in Belgium is greater than the sum of Belgium's misery. It is a crime against the bases of faith on which the world must build or perish.

Having made the official version of the war palatable to himself and his listeners, Lippmann envisioned the future. But if in 1915 he had been awed by the barriers in the way of world federation, indeed opposed to it, because it "is likely to be unequal, coercive, conservative, and unsatisfactory," he now swept his doubts aside:

> We can win nothing from this war unless it culminates in a union of liberal peoples pledged to cooperate in the settlement of all outstanding questions, sworn to turn against the aggressor, determined to erect a larger and more modern system of international law upon a federation of the world. That is what we are fighting for.

But did Lippmann really believe what he publicly professed in April, 1917? It is quite likely that at the outset, immediately after America's declaration of war, he was emotionally involved, and genuinely so, in the decision to join the Allied powers. Like most Americans he was by no means free of those irrational sentiments that are at the root of nationalism. In spite of his effort at intellectual clarification in *The Stakes of Diplomacy*, he had experienced the

sinking of the liner *Lusitania* as an almost personal affront. Allowing for some verbal exaggeration, the testimony of Hutchins Hapgood seems relevant:

> I remember my surprise, at the time the *Lusitania* was sunk, at the way Walter Lippmann, who was then a revolutionist, reacted. . . . I met him on the street after the great liner was lost. The enormity of the event was felt by him not any more as a human disaster than as an outrage committed by Germany on the United States.

And many years after the Philadelphia speech Lippmann would give an explanation—a quite plausible one—of his behavior after the American declaration of war:

> As a boy I had, to be sure, been greatly excited by the sinking of the battleship *Maine* and by Dewey's victory in Manila Bay and by the battle of Santiago, and from my grandfather who hated Prussia I had acquired the conviction that wherever the American flag was planted, there tyranny must disappear.

It is probably not too shallow to say that these childhood impressions won a victory over more rational calculations both at the time of the *Lusitania* incident and again in the hysterical days of April, 1917. England's command of the seas was challenged by Germany, and Lippmann had concluded, even before 1917, that "it is better for the world . . . to endure a tyranny like England's than to relapse into an anarchy such as the Germans plan."

But if Lippmann knew that it was the question of sea power which brought America into the war, why did he propagate the myth of this being a war of democracy against despotism? A clue may be found in a comment on President Wilson he later made in a review of *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House*. And what he wrote of Wilson was probably true of himself. The President, he would write, "never accepted the official propaganda even when it blew the hottest; he never respected it, and could hardly bear to listen to it. What he wanted above all things was to keep out of the hideous mess." It was Colonel House who "supplied Wilson with the rationalizations by means of which Wilson was able to bow to a destiny that was overbearing him, and even ultimately to sow the seed of a triumph that may make him immortal."

However, unlike Wilson, Lippmann had presumed himself to

be a radical who, one might expect, would not let himself be beguiled so easily and against his rational judgments. The war, it seems, revealed the superficiality of Lippmann's radicalism. He had always been a reluctant rebel, a rebel whose discovery that not all was well with America had been a disquieting rather than a liberating experience. Lippmann had gradually moved away from this ill-fitting radicalism in the years prior to the war, and when the war came to America he faced a reality which offered relief from self-appraisal and doubt.[1] The war offered activity—something Lippmann always longed for precisely because it could deflect his mind from his own feelings of insecurity. And the war offered this activity clothed in a nebulous, if sincere idealism and optimism. Moreover, it allowed Lippmann to convince himself that after the war "we shall turn with fresh interests to our own tyrannies—to our Colorado mines, our autocratic steel industries, our sweatshops, and our slums. . . . A force is loose in America as well."

There is a further explanation of Lippmann's stand in 1917. He was not different from most other liberals who wanted to stay in the main currents of political life. A hunchback like Randolph Bourne, always an outsider, could afford to remain an outsider. Lippmann and others, with their institutional commitments, could not. He had anticipated that much in *The Stakes of Diplomacy* when he wrote that "only saints, heroes, and specialists in virtue feel remorse because they have done what everybody was doing and agreed with what everybody was thinking."

By supporting the war Lippmann and other liberals felt that martyrdom—the kind of martyrdom represented by Randolph Bourne—was ill-suited to help them control the future. Not being radicals they were willing to compromise in order to be able to influence, even if only slightly, the course of events in a progressive direction. There is evidence that Lippmann was quite conscious of this being his task as a supporter of the war administration. When the Balfour mission arrived in Washington on April 22, 1917, Colonel House informed President Wilson that "such men as Lippmann and Croly have been

---

[1]For background on Walter Lippmann's career prior to 1917, see Heinz Elau, "Mover and Shaker: Walter Lippmann as a Young Man," *Antioch Review* (Fall, 1951); and "Man Against Himself: Walter Lippmann's Years of Doubt," *American Quarterly* (Winter, 1952).

to see me, and I could not convince them that the object of the visit of the British and French was not for this purpose" [of concluding a secret agreement]. But basically it was their easy optimism which drove these one-time progressives to support the war. Justice Holmes, always keenly interested but skeptical of their doings, didn't believe "that universal bliss would ensue if the world would only get a move on and obey when the *New Republic* says Hocus-Pocus-Presto-Change," and Harold Laski, in his answer, suggested that "Croly, Lippmann, *et al.*, seem to me really theologians—for they believe either in goodness or in sin as original and they have what I take to be a pathetic trust in environmental change." Certainly, if Lippmann in his innermost heart was uneasy about the war and its possibilities, there was no indication of it as he addressed the American Academy of Political and Social Science in April, 1917.

II

In June, 1917, Lippmann temporarily severed his connection with the *New Republic* to enter the service of the War Department.[2] According to Robert Morss Lovett, it was "a desertion which Croly, to whom the journal was supreme in importance, resented." But Lippmann, along with hundreds of other young men and ex-professors, was drawn to Washington where all kinds of war commissions and administrations mushroomed.

His first job was that of a special assistant to Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, a post previously occupied by Felix Frankfurter. In this capacity Lippmann served on the Cantonment Adjustment Commission, set up by an agreement of June 19, 1917, between Secretary Baker and President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor. In order to avoid strikes in war industries, "the commission was to use as basic standards the union wages, hours, and conditions in force in the various localities and was to make such adjustments as were required by circumstances. Its decisions were to be binding." The War Department, the public and labor were represented, Lippmann being the public spokesman. The work must have

[2] I am indebted to the Yale University Library for allowing me to consult its "Lippmann collection" and to use certain hitherto unpublished materials concerning Lippmann's government and war service.

interested him, for the organization of the commission was just what he had advocated two years earlier in an article on the desirability of establishing a minimum-wage board.

But Lippmann's talents as a prodigious political strategist and fine literary stylist soon found a more exciting outlet. Colonel House had come to appreciate the young *New Republic* editor's abilities. The *New Republic* had had some influence on Wilson's and House's approach to the war prior to the American entry into it, but the suspicion that the magazine was an organ of the Democratic administration was unfounded. In the winter of 1916 Lippmann had two or three interviews with the President, but they did not differ from those of any other journalist. But Croly and Lippmann began to see something of Colonel House. "It was a curious relationship," Lippmann recalled in 1930; "Wilson was preparing to run for his second term; his main problem was the management of American neutrality. We discussed the problem perhaps once a fortnight with Colonel House. He never told us what the President was going to do. We never knew anything that hadn't appeared in the newspapers." It was coincidence, more often than not, that the *New Republic* advocated policies which Wilson pursued. The journal coined the phrase "peace without victory," and its editors were as surprised as others when the President used it in one of his speeches. But the legend of its being Wilson's organ grew, and once, to the editors' astonishment, the stock market reacted when the *New Republic* reached the newsstands. "We never knew any secrets," Lippmann continued in 1930,

> we never had a request to publish or not to publish anything, and we were not in a confidential relationship. Colonel House made it his business to see all kinds of people, and we were among the people he saw. Occasionally the President and Colonel House took an idea from the *New Republic* as they took it from many other sources.

In any case, when a man of Lippmann's abilities was needed to fill the job of secretary of a long over-due intelligence organization, House picked Lippmann in whose mind, as an eminent historian, Frederick L. Paxson, has said, "was the approach to the world prevailing in the offices of the *New Republic*." The House Inquiry, as the organization came to be called, was to bring together all the available material, in the form of facts and opinions, that might be

useful for preparing the future peace settlement. On the basis of these data, also, Colonel House was to prepare a memorandum to guide the President in his peace plans. And when in January, 1918, Wilson drafted his Fourteen Points speech, he "utilized largely for his speech a report prepared by the Inquiry, the members of which were instructed to reduce general propositions to brief formulas."

As director of the Inquiry Colonel House chose his brother-in-law, Dr. Sidney E. Mezes, President of the College of the City of New York. Its executive management was entrusted to Dr. Isaiah Bowman, then director of the American Geographical Society whose New York building, with its fine library and map-making facilities, became the Inquiry's headquarters. The work of the new intelligence organization, supported out of the President's fund, was entirely separate from that of the State Department or of the General Staff's Military Intelligence Division. For it did not concentrate on current problems, but rather on those likely to come up at the peace conference. Staffed by journalists and professors, "the amount of material which they collected was astounding," Harold Nicolson has written; "the *George Washington* creaked and groaned across the Atlantic under the weight of their erudition."

Harold Laski overdramatized the relationship between Lippmann and Colonel House when he said that one could see from the *New Republic*'s pages why, after 1917, "it was as natural for Mr. Lippmann to become the *eminence grise* of Colonel House as it was for the latter to play the same role to Woodrow Wilson." It is true, however, that, besides Dr. Mezes, Lippmann was the only member of the Inquiry who saw Colonel House with any regularity in the early months of its existence. Professor James T. Shotwell has given testimony of Lippmann's "sensitive and imaginative genius" which made him

> the chief liaison between it [i.e. the Inquiry] and Colonel House, as well as being directly in touch with the President. This was but setting the seal of formal approval upon a relationship already begun. Mr. Lippmann's unique gift for glorifying the issues of politics, so widely known in the postwar period, explains the importance of the role he played in interpreting and phrasing policy.

Another witness, Sir William Wiseman, Chief of the British Secret Service, has told of his "impression that Lippmann furnished the abstract ideas which found their way into a good many of the mem-

oranda of the American delegation and ultimately into some of President Wilson's public speeches."

It is interesting to note Lippmann's work habits at this time because the withdrawal from contact with others which they symbolize would become an ever more pronounced feature of his personality in later years. James Shotwell has recalled that Lippmann was almost the exact opposite of Dr. Bowman who had "a deep sense of the necessity for cooperative work in so vast an undertaking." Lippmann's "natural trend was more toward the use of individual than of corporate methods." Lippmann evidently found it difficult to work with others and had to go his own solitary way, a tendency which would grow as he reached the pinnacle of his career as a columnist. Shotwell also noticed Lippmann's preference for abstract ideas, though he added that Lippmann sought to make them "concrete by testing them in the laboratory of research."

Lippmann stayed with the Inquiry through the winter of 1917-18 until, on June 28, 1918, he was commissioned as Captain, National Army. "He is appointed for service on Intelligence solely," read War Department Order No. 151, "and will not be assigned to any other duty or to the command of troops under this appointment." Previous to his commission Lippmann had outlined, in a letter to the Secretary of War, a plan for the dissemination of American propaganda behind enemy lines. The plan was "heartily approved" at a conference between the Secretary of War, the Chief of Staff and the Chief of the Military Intelligence Branch. "It has obvious general advantages for both the Military Intelligence Branch and The Inquiry," Colonel Churchill of Military Intelligence wrote Lippmann, "and in the special matter of propaganda into enemy countries such cooperation is absolutely necessary." And he added that "this work can only be successful if entrusted to men of known viewpoint, executive ability and special qualifications."

In addition to his War Department assignment, Lippmann had also an assignment from the Secretary of State.

> You are authorized and directed to proceed to England, France and Italy for the purpose of making special studies in economic and political matters for the use of this department in connection with the work done at the direction of the President by Colonel E. M. House in conjunction with the Department of State,

Secretary Robert Lansing wrote him on July 3; and he continued:

> It is felt that it is best to leave entirely to your discretion the methods to be pursued by you in prosecuting your studies. The American Ambassadors at London, Paris and Rome have been advised of your projected trip and have been requested to extend to you such courtesies as may be within their power to offer, and to facilitate your work in every way possible.

General Pershing, also, was informed by Secretary Baker of Lippmann's mission, and particular emphasis was placed on the fact that his assignment was under the joint auspices of both the War and State Departments. There can be no doubt but that Washington held a very high opinion of Lippmann's qualifications.

Lippmann was accompanied on his mission by a team of intelligence officers, including First Lieutenant Charles Merz, now editor of the New York *Times*, who later on would be associated with Lippmann for many years on the old New York *World*; and Captain Heber Blankenhorn, whose published letters from France, *Adventure in Propaganda* (1919), tell the story of the little party's progress through Europe.

An incident during this period sheds some light on Lippmann's relationship with President Wilson. The President, informed by Secretary Lansing of Lippmann's activities in France, wrote to the Secretary: "I have a high opinion of Lippmann, but I am very jealous in the matter of propaganda"; and he told Acting Secretary of War Crowell that he wanted to keep propaganda in his own hands. In reply, Crowell explained that Lippmann's errand has been "personally arranged by Secretary Baker," and that it "was to scatter propaganda within the territorial limits of the Central Powers by means of small balloons." Wilson apparently distrusted his former critic, and an attempt on Lippmann's part to intercede at the White House for William Allen White—to get the Kansas Progressive a passport and a minor place in the President's peace party—miscarried.

But Lippmann remained close to Colonel House. "Your letters," House wrote him, "are so full of interest that I am sending them to the President for his information. . . . I have missed you since you have been away, but I feel reconciled because of the important work you are doing over there." And when, in October, 1918, the Colonel came to Paris to negotiate the armistice, Lippmann was attached to

his staff and later to the American Commission to Negotiate the Peace. House could make immediate use of Lippmann who, as Charles Seymour has pointed out, "after his experience as Secretary of the Inquiry, had spent several months in the various belligerent nations and was able to summarize the state of mind in each."

Preparing himself for the debate with the Allies, House realized that the Fourteen Points as such were much too vague to serve as satisfactory bases for the impending discussions. He therefore asked Lippmann and Frank Cobb, the editor of the New York *World*, whose successor Lippmann would eventually become, to draw up an elaborate memorandum on the Fourteen Points. The commentary he requested—which "was nothing less than a gloss upon, or an interpretation of President Wilson's Fourteen Points," and which "left little to the imagination"—was completed by the Lippmann-Cobb team within three days and cabled to Washington. It was approved by Wilson as "a satisfactory interpretation of the principles involved," though details were to be regarded as "merely illustrative suggestions."

Colonel House has reported that "these interpretations were on the table day after day when we sat in conference in Paris while the armistice was in the making. Many times they [i.e. Clemenceau, Orlando and Lloyd George] asked the meaning of this or that point and I would read from the accepted interpretation." Professor Seymour, the editor of Colonel House's papers, has expressed the opinion that "internal evidence indicates that the actual drafting of the commentary was largely the work of Walter Lippmann."

For a time it looked as if the dreams of two years would come true. In early November the Allies seemed to have committed themselves to the American peace program, and the possibility of actually achieving the essentials of Wilsonian idealism seemed close. "Frankly," Lippmann wrote to Colonel House,

> I did not believe it was humanly feasible, under conditions as they seemed to be in Europe, to win so glorious a victory. This is a climax of a course that has been as wise as it was brilliant, and as shrewd as it was prophetic. The President and you have more than justified the faith of those who insisted that your leadership was a turning point in modern history.

This enthusiasm was typically Lippmannesque. It would not last very long. On December 1, after a short illness, Willard Straight, the benefactor of the *New Republic*, died of pneumonia. It was a moment

of introspection: "In the last eight weeks I was closer to Willard than ever before," Lippmann wrote to Mrs. Straight.

> Up at the First Army we talked far into the night, hoping, planning, sometimes doubting, but in the end renewed. In that personal loneliness which is the background of so many of us here, there was mixed also a fear that what we had meant, and what alone could justify it all, was not the meaning and the justification of those who will decide.

Lippmann's new skepticism was well warranted. His contact with Europeans confronted him with a new reality. One December evening in 1918 he was talking with an Italian who had come to Paris for his government. The news was bad that day—outbreaks on the Dalmation coast, quarrels between the Czechs and Poles, the British elections not going well, the French press inspired by propaganda. Lippmann sought to prove the Italian's words wrong, but his report gives the feeling that he appreciated his friend's pessimism. Said the Italian:

> . . . We made good resolutions as sick poets do. We swore that if we got well this time, we would stay well. You know—no more city life, but the country, a cow, rise at dawn, to bed early, exercise, fear God, and listen to Woodrow Wilson. It was sincere at the time. Then Europe recovered. It put off going to the country. It paid a visit to the old haunts, met the old cronies, and felt most awfully bored with the everlasting morality of the Fourteen Commandments. A little of that goes a long way.

It became clear to Lippmann—who, as Lincoln Steffens wrote about that time, "understands the situation best"—that the other Allies, but especially the French, were doing their utmost to undermine the whole Wilson program. Along with other thoughtful Americans and Englishmen then in Paris, Ray Stannard Baker has told in his memoirs, Lippmann was pessimistic: "They saw little evidence in the President's speeches, that he realized the strength of the forces which were against him; and most of them were fearful that he would demand too little, be content with some super-Hague arrangement which would not stand the shock of economic rivalry."

Lippmann broke with the President on the issue of the Allied intervention against the Bolsheviks. "I tried in vain to remind Wilson of the incongruity of the situation," Lippmann has reminisced;

> I pointed out that by participating in this war during the era of pacification we were bound to cancel out the eventual effectiveness of the peace treaty

we were drafting. Open hostility to Russia *ipso facto* provided Germany with a potential ally. Realizing the inevitable consequences of these errors, I left the Peace Conference in dismay.[3]

III

Lippmann returned to the United States in the spring of 1919 and rejoined the editorial board of the *New Republic*. In spite of his disappointment at what he had witnessed in Paris, he apparently felt that a fair peace and the League of Nations still had a fighting chance. He examined the state of world affairs in a little volume, first published in the *New Republic*, which he gave, perhaps symbolically, the neutral title *The Political Scene*. "Walter Lippmann sent me his essay in book form," Justice Holmes wrote to Harold Laski, "and I reread it with renewed admiration." Laski replied: "I agree heartily with your admiration of Lippmann's booklet. He has a mind like a knife and will be a great power one day."

The Political Scene was Lippmann's swan song to Wilsonian idealism. "The old order which so many of the statesmen at Paris are trying so earnestly to maintain," he wrote, "is utterly incapable of creating the security, the well-being and that temper of reconciliation which alone can avert a universal revolution." The war, he now realized, "was not an interruption which will end with the end of the war." Instead of war, the ghost of revolution was stalking Europe. The trouble with the Fourteen Points, to which he had himself contributed so much, was that they were framed in a world radically different from that following the war. Nor did they envisage another world. The League Covenant still recognized war as a normal institution, nor did it prevent the use of monopolies as a means of conquest. And it was all the fault of President Wilson: "Mr. Wilson's ideal, then as now, both in international and in domestic affairs was that New

---

[3]According to Ernest Sutherland Bates, writing in *Modern Monthly* for June, 1933, "Shortly after President Wilson's arrival he [Lippmann] was summarily ordered home. What indiscretion may have been the basis for that order has never been revealed. Mr. Lippmann tried in vain to obtain an interview with the President to protest against this injustice; Wilson, with his customary ingratitude, refused to see him." I have been unable to check the accuracy of the statement.—H.E.

Freedom which is the Old Manchester." It was a charge which Lippmann had leveled against Wilson in the years before the war when he had been an ardent admirer of Theodore Roosevelt. In view of his own position throughout the war, there was a great deal of irony in his hindsight.

Perhaps his conscience bothered Lippmann, and there is good reason to believe that it did. As he bade farewell to the hysterics and shibboleths of the war, he evidently felt the need of cleansing his own mind of all the propaganda to which he had contributed so generously. During the war, Lippmann confessed, opening a topic that would fascinate him in the future,

> the deliberate manufacture of opinion both for export and for home consumption has reached the proportion of a major industrial operation. . . . When the story is told, it will cover a range of subjects from legal censorship to reptile press, from wilful fabrication to the purchase of writers, from outright subsidy to the award of ribbons. It will include entertainment, and a vast amount of stimulated snobbishness, and the right way of conducting sightseeing tours. The art of befuddlement engages able men and draws large appropriations. There are in practically all coutries Ministries of Befuddlement generally presided over by personal representatives of the leading statesmen. What they emit makes unconfused dealing between nations most difficult.

One wonders what Colonel House thought of his former assistant's sinister allegations.

But unlike the United States Senate, Lippmann was not prepared to give up the idea of a League of Nations. The league, with all its faults, is necessary because "there is a worldwide regrouping in process. It cannot be controlled by agreement alone. It requires a continuing series of decisions, and a machinery for executing them, and that is the essence of the League of Nations." However, if he continued to advocate a league, it was on grounds quite different from those he had postulated in the memorable Philadelphia speech of two years before. The United States did not enter the war, he now said, because "the autocracy of Germany must be overthrown and the rights of democracy safeguarded," but because "the aggression reached the world's highways and struck at the basis of mastery by the naval powers." The league, therefore, cannot be built on idealistic foundations, and certainly not on a balance of power. It must be based on an Anglo-American entente which means "the substitution of a pool for a

balance, and in that pool will be found the ultimate force upon which rests the League of Nations."

Lippmann had turned almost brutally realistic after his sojourn into idealism. "Britain and America emerge as the undisputed leaders of world politics . . . and the destiny of all governments is for the moment in their hands." That other nations might not cherish such unilateral hegemony, however sincere in intentions, was an idea which apparently did not occur to Lippmann.

The *New Republic* broke with Wilson the week after the Treaty of Versailles was published. Even before, it had carried serially a part of John Maynard Keynes's devastating indictment of the treaty, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. It denounced the treaty as a violation of the terms on which Germany had surrendered. It subsequently fought ratification lock, stock and barrel. This decision, according to Thomas A. Bailey, "cost the magazine about half its circulation and presumably some of its prestige." But the magazine's angel, Mrs. Dorothy Straight, stood loyally by the paper and preserved the policy of complete editorial freedom.

The decision to oppose ratification, Lippmann wrote in 1930, "was Croly's. I followed him, though I was not then, and am not now, convinced that it was the wise thing to do. . . . If I had to do it all over again I would take the other side; we supplied the Battalion of Death with too much ammunition." But there is other testimony, that of Robert Morss Lovett, who dined with the *New Republic* editors on the day when they decided to oppose ratification. He claims to remember "Walter Lippmann's vigorous denunciation of the treaty as a breaking of faith with Germany and a violation of moral obligations to the world." And Harold Laski, who saw a good deal of Lippmann in the months after the war, reported to his friend, Justice Holmes, that

> it pleased me greatly to find that the whole process of statesmanship had left him [i.e. Lippmann] with the conviction that the real truths are in the great books of the world. I am eager for you to see him again—he is more critical, less facile, and, to say the same thing differently, with a deeper sense that you don't find truth by skimming milk.

Half a year later, the situation looked even more dismal. Granted that the United States should participate in the League, what would be her objectives? What part would she have to play? Lippmann did

not find a satisfying answer. Wilson's Fourteen Points and other principles, he now felt, "were a vague attempt to define that part. But they did not operate at any significant point, and in the actualities of Europe they are only a memory and a catch cry." Wilson, in wanting nothing at Paris but a lasting peace, "could risk nothing and therefore could not be insistent. . . . American idealism at Paris was that of Lady Bountiful, a luxury of the comfortable and well-to-do, not part of the serious business of life." But Lippmann himself had no answer and had to resort to his own familiar generalities: "Calling ourselves disinterested, we behaved as if we were uninterested, and furnished the world with the extraordinary spectacle of a nation willing to send two million soldiers overseas, yet unwilling to project its mind and conscience overseas."

And two weeks later, in another article on the peace, all Lippmann could offer, if in rather impassioned terms, was an indictment of the uninformed State Department, its innocent intelligence service, Wilson's personal diplomacy, and America's wartime propaganda "of unmitigated brag accompanied by unmitigated gullibility." The end was in sight. It came quickly. Defeated in the Senate, the Treaty became the election issue in 1920. On election day, the American people sent Senator Harding to the White House, and the new President didn't propose to enter the League "by the side door, back door, or cellar door."

IV

The America to which Walter Lippmann returned in 1919 was not the brave new world he had envisioned in 1917. It was a drifting, leaderless America. Lippmann gave vent to his disgust in an article simply entitled "Unrest." He put the blame squarely on the government. He scored its refusal to look ahead, plan and prepare for what should have been expected to be the normal consequences of war: "The attack on the government is nothing as compared with the paralysis of the government." Hysteria and sham patriotism were rampant. The mental world of many citizens consisted of imaginary soviets, confiscation decrees and extraordinary tribunals. Leading citizens, Lippmann warned, must put aside "this opera bouffe revolution with themselves cast for Marie Antoinette"; they should stop wrapping themselves in the American flag, for "it offends most patriots

when a chorus girl appears in red and white tights and star-spangled corsage and vociferates about the land of liberty."

Perhaps all this might have been expected. Americans fought a war which was far away, abstract and unreal. The American knew about the war only what he was told about it: "He had no vivid personal encounter with it himself unless he invented one in the person of a German bartender or music teacher." Moreover, the censor made it impossible to tell "the unprejudiced and unvarnished truth." Instead, morale was built on a propaganda of frightfulness and a careful selection of atrocity stories. And now, in the face of all this experience, America's established leaders were once more treating "every substantial reform as the prelude to and not the preventive of revolution." Nor did Lippmann like what he saw of labor militancy. Particularly obnoxious to him was the expediency apparent in the strikes involving public utilities. "The plain fact is," Lippmann told labor, "that sooner or later the strike will have to disappear from all those services on which the immediate life of the community depends." To handle the labor-management problem in public utilities he proposed the establishment of a tribunal which would arbitrate grievances that cannot be settled by routine methods.

Lippmann's proposal suggests that he was ahead of his time, but it also indicates that he was becoming, more and more, a chronic prophet. It was a tendency which would ultimately catch up with him. For unfulfilled plans become dreams, and unrealized dreams become frustrations. Already Lippmann had gone through a prophylactic cycle of hopes and disappointments. And it was by no means a progressing cycle. Liberal as his proposal for industrial peace in the public utilities may appear to be, the suspicion was ripe that he "had gone more than half-way over to the enemy." Lippmann himself would probably have denied this accusation, but if the liberal case against him was by no means clear, the case for him, too, was not altogether beyond doubt.

For it is true that once more he expressed his faith that, "in spite of all appearances, a decisive majority is progressive to radical." He felt that the liberal element of 1912 "is not extinguished and cannot long be frustrated." Bull Moose as a party might be dead, but as a way of life it was alive. Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, Lippmann wrote, "mark the zenith of American effort to rise entirely

above and beyond the assumptions, the emotions, and the terms of that struggle. This effort is the enduring part of the American ideal."

But when the chips were down and Lippmann had to come to the defense of this ideal as he saw it, his plea was far from being unequivocal. The opportunity came, at the end of 1919, when he was forced to take issue with Harold Stearns who had published a book, *Liberalism in America*. In today's perspective, it was a brilliant book, very similar, in fact, to Lippmann's own *A Preface to Politics*. Its author, just as Lippmann in 1913, had no political past to live down, no record to defend, no commitments to justify. Stearns could speak his mind, just as Lippmann had done in 1913. His liberalism was beyond doubt. And because he was a liberal, Stearns could write some very unpleasant truths about liberals and liberalism, just as Lippmann in 1913 had been able to write some painful things about socialists and socialism.

It does not matter particularly whether or not Stearns's indictment of the liberals for supporting the war was correct or even justifiable. As Lippmann did with a vengeance, it was easy to pick holes in Stearns's thesis. But what does matter is Lippmann's argument. Pushing Stearns's opinions aside, Lippmann reduced the argument to one issue, and one issue only: "Did Germany's attempt to win the war in 1917 by destroying Allied sea power constitute a danger real enough to justify war?" It was a question which Stearns had not touched on. To Lippmann, again turned pragmatist, it was the cardinal question.

Of course, what Stearns was interested in was precisely the question of why liberals had abandoned pragmatic analysis when that analysis became embarrassing. This problem Lippmann evaded. He reiterated, instead, the familiar considerations of power politics which, while they may have explained the liberals' conduct, did not explain away Stearns's censures of just this conduct. Moreover, Stearns's criticism had gone beyond these considerations. He was concerned, as Lippmann admitted, with the breakdown of the rational temper *after* the declaration of war, and with all the myths and shibboleths which liberals had used so freely to justify their stand.

If Lippmann had only insisted on the correctness of the liberals' decision to support the war, his defense would have been reasonably strong. But he did not leave it at that. In addition he asserted that "there was nothing distinctly liberal or illiberal about them [i.e. the

judgments of liberals]; they do not fall into those categories." Where, then, was liberalism? "The distinctively liberal phase of the way lay elsewhere," according to Lippmann. "It consisted chiefly in an attempt to use victory to create a League of Nations based on a democratic peace. In this, liberalism was defeated." And the failure he brushed off: "The first object of the war, the defeat of German ambition, was accomplished. That in itself justified American intervention. What was lost, temporarily at least, was a golden opportunity to make a great advance in human relations."

This self-vindication was tragic. For it was nothing less than the old and futile theory that the end justifies the means. It was just this aspect of the liberal failure in the second decade that Stearns had criticized, and Lippmann only wrote a footnote to it. But he went a step further and distinguished, unwittingly, between liberalism and liberals. The group of people who had been Progressives in 1912 and Wilsonian liberals in 1916, and whose spokesman he had been, Lippman now wrote,

> wished to distinguish their own general aspirations from those of the chronic partisans and the social revolutionists. They had no other bond of unity. They were not a political movement. There was no established body of doctrine. American liberalism is a phase of the transition away from the old party system. But it is an early phase and there is no agreement as to ends or methods.

The "New Nationalism" and the "New Freedom," apparently, had never been. The insurgence of 1912 had been, it seems, just so much hullabaloo. Lippmann, it is not too much to say, was drawing a curtain between liberalism as he now interpreted it, at the end of 1919, and the liberals and progressives whose companion-in-arms he had been. It was a thin curtain, perhaps, but one which would never go up again. "What he lacks," Laski observed rightly around this time, "is the historic sense. His world began about 1912 and the hundred odd civilizations that have gone to make American history leave him unmoved. But he has a real mind, agile, quick, incisive, and I wish I had his pen. He makes words talk of themselves."

Not only did Lippmann find the liberalism represented by Stearns distasteful, but he added a few thrusts against liberalism in general. If Stearns's liberalism was, as Lippmann charged, quite unjustly, "content to be above the battle," liberalism as such had faults—"its apathy

about administrtaion, its boredom at the problem of organization, its failure to make its own what may be called roughly the constructive tradition of Alexander Hamilton." There is among Liberals, Lippmann continued, "a shrinking from intellectual effort. The urbane temper and tolerance of liberalism easily confuses itself with something very close to indolence." Stearns's book, it seemed to him, was the best proof. Stearns "has attempted to write about a very great historical event with more temperament than information." Indeed, his bibliography and citations "move entirely in the realm of interesting opinion, of things that a man might notice by reading some magazines and newspapers and books during the war and talking much with a circle of friends who had the same irritations as he himself."

Apart from its snobbishness, Lippmann's comment conveniently, and significantly, failed to mention that Stearns's citations included references to three books, *A Preface to Politics*, *Drift and Mastery*, and *The Stakes of Diplomacy*, all by an opinion-maker named Walter Lippmann, and all considered, at least until then, landmarks of American liberalism. Did Lippmann now disclaim these manifestoes of his earlier politics? Had he gone more than halfway over to the enemy? An answer is difficult. Certain it is that he had acquired some admiration for conservatives. At Paris, he wrote,

> the conservatives had a better grip on their case than did the liberals. They had worked harder. They had planned more thoroughly. They had manipulated better. They were infinitely more resourceful. They dealt with situations from the inside and not eternally by hearsay inspiration and guess from the outside. They knew how to negotiate. They knew how to go past the fragile reason of men to their passions.

Victory could have been had at Paris, Lippmann concluded, "had the official liberals grasped the mechanics of peace."

These were not words of despair in the face of futility such as Lippmann had uttered in the past, but they were words of contempt. There even was an element of hatred in them. One has to dig deep into Lippmann's personality such as it had become to understand their full meaning. Had they been an occasional outburst, their importance would still have been great. But they were not. Half a year later, writing about the Republican National Convention at Chicago, Lippmann picked up the same theme:

> The game played by the progressives at this convention is in my opinion not one bit superior in morals to that played by the Old Guard, and it is infinitely less effective. The Old Guard can at least sink personal ambitions in a common purpose. It does not believe in fairies. It knows what it wants. The progressives do not know what they want. They just want to be a little nobler and a little cleaner, provided they do not have to stay out in the wilderness too long.

If Lippmann had changed since his more radical days, the change had been in longitude rather than in latitude. He was still irritated by the fact that politicians may have personal ambitions which interfere with the achievement of common purpose. He still admired the strong, wilful and effective politician who knows what he wants and gets it. The very fact that he himself had succumbed to the lure of being "a little nobler and a little cleaner" during the war made Lippmann all the more sensitive to the foibles of his liberal friends. And in showing contempt for them, he seemed to despise something in himself. Did not the disparaging remarks about "official liberals" mean himself? He had been as responsible as any man for inventing, phrasing and interpreting the Fourteen Points whose ineffectiveness he now scored. Lippmann evidently found it necessary to displace unto others some of the hostility he may have felt against himself.

If Lippmann hated himself, his mechanisms of defense against this self-hatred were repeated with invariable regularity. He would enthusiastically embrace a cause—socialism, or the "New Nationalism," or Wilsonian idealism—only to drop it as soon as it turned out to be something less than the Promised Land. He was an inveterate perfectionist. His disappointments would be followed by periods of self-appraisal, but it was never Lippmann himself who may have been wrong. It was always something or somebody else. It was a pattern of which he must have been aware, but which he could not break, even if he wanted to, because breaking it was contrary to his nature.

The American Novel—the Short Course

By WAYNE CARVER

JUST ABOUT EVERYONE has been telling us what is the matter with modern fiction writers. Presumably the only thing now holding back the new chorus of American song birds in prose is their own obstinacy. They just *won't* write the way they ought to. The prescriptions are plain enough to be followed easily. What, then, is the matter?

Malcolm Cowley knows: writers are too self-conscious and do not write about socially important institutions like the Left Bank of Paris or the Riviera, as writers did when he was young. Van Wyck Brooks knows: literature is out on a limb and must return to a consideration of primary things—the eternal verities—lest it perish from the earth or become a plaything for degenerates like Hemingway, which is worse. Therefore, writers must sink roots, as if a writer could decide by an act of will whether to have roots or to sink them. Bernard DeVoto knows, or he did a few years ago: writers think they are artists and adults, when they are really little children sinning against their nature. The New Critics know: writers think they are little children, when they are really highly developed sensibilities trying to make their way via the creative process through a fallen world. The sociologists at heart know: writers have forgotten that the best they can hope to do is issue detailed reports like a caseworker and are writing about professors and artists rather than about stockyards and brothels. But the writer *doesn't* know, though he has read Cowley, Brooks, DeVoto and God knows who else: he has few readers, little influence, no future, but enough advice to write a trilogy, if someone hadn't also delivered an injunction against *that*. Only the abnormal psychologists are happy, for there are Paul Bowles, Truman Capote, Tennessee Williams, Carson McCullers, and most of the critics for them to point to as signs of the New Degeneration. The spirit of Max Nordau is

---

WAYNE CARVER says he is a graduate of Kenyon College, the Marine Corps, and the combat engineers of the Army, his chief allegiance being to Kenyon. He is a native of Utah, now teaches English at Weber College in Ogden, and is on the editorial staff of the *Western Humanities Review*.

forever endemic among them. It is a varied world, and some there are who used to think it was green.

The critics are partly right, of course. One of the most irritating things about critics is that they are partly right. But this particular set of oracles is mistaken, no matter what view its members may take, simply because whatever else the literary situation of today calls for, it does not call for advice; nor is it likely to change in response to it. For the biggest mistake these people make is in supposing that Paul Bowles, for example, writes the way he does because someone failed to remind him that he should take "an affirmative view of life." He is, after all, an intelligent man—so are they all, all intelligent men—and he has all the superficial qualities for a great writer. That he is looking at life through a long dim tunnel frescoed with phallic symbols is due to a great many things, not the least of which is the prevailing attitude that any one way of looking at the world is as good as any other way these days, if it is profitable. But it is not due to Van Wyck Brooks' failing to baptize him in the Concord River and to dry him with the pages of *The Life of Emerson*. It is also too bad, I suppose, that Robie Macauley would dare to write a book in which people neither toil, sow, spin, nor reap, as Mr. Cowley complains. But again, if he did so dare, and if so daring is a sin, he did not do it because he just forgot for the moment that people sometimes do these things; nor will he, at Mr. Cowley's prodding, turn now to writing a novel in which the hero advances the cause of the working class by organizing a strike.

Such stuff as this from the elder and reformed statesmen of letters is wrong because it ignores the fact that when a writer of any seriousness sits down to write, he is a highly complicated individual. He is not, by precept at least, a naturalist, realist, romanticist, symbolist, impressionist, or anything else. He does not adopt for the moment a view of life that is optimistic, pessimistic, nihilistic, or any other view. He is doing just what he will tell you in all seriousness he is doing: writing the best he can about the life he knows or is trying to know or wishes he knew better. It is too bad, I will agree, that writers of the "New Fiction" do not know more about life and do not write about it better than they do. But exhortations for them to use someone else's pair of eyes do not simplify their task any; nor do such exhortations even begin to help them solve their problems as writers or as individuals.

Furthermore, the men at the wailing wall are also wrong in that they ignore any books being written except those they wish to discredit, forgetting what they surely must know: that there is plenty of diversity in the kinds of fiction that is available from young writers. Mr. Cowley and others lament the lack of social awareness in fiction, ignoring *Invisible Man*, *We Fished All Night*, *Knock on Any Door*, *The Man With the Golden Arm*, *Barbary Shore*, *The Troubled Air*, *All the King's Men*, and the whole host of other works that deal with problems of race, political morality, religion, dope addiction, slums, the army and war, communism, and congressional investigations.

Mr. Cowley, it is true, after worrying his original *Harper's* article through several revisions for the benefit of lecture audiences, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and, most recently, *The New Republic*, has come around to a point of view that is less cranky than the (to one reader, at least) rather narrowly satirical one of nearly a year ago. He even finds hope in a situation that seemed a year ago to have little or none, though the books he cites as motivating his hope—*The Man With the Golden Arm*, *Invisible Man*, *Lie Down in Darkness* (for two chapters), and *The Adventures of Augie March*—were all but one available a year ago; and some were even mentioned by him, but not as signs of hope. One suspects the literary situation has not changed so very much, but that Mr. Cowley has caught up with his reading—or that his usually sure critical instinct has caught up with his writing.

Wearing another kind of blinders, the aesthetes, who can only remember the books the social crusaders seem to forget, complain that too many writers have become propagandists and journalists, given to uncommon worryings over massacres in the Polish Ghettoes or the color line in the South and to a flagrant disregard for the "objective correlative" and the "symbolical construct." So they are dismayed and, ignoring Frederick Buechner, William Goyen, Tennessee Williams, Jean Stafford, and a flock of writers who, one would suppose, ought to be arty enough for just about anyone, canonize James and Kafka, resurrect Nathaniel West, and find a texture of "mechanics and dynamics—a poetry of physics . . ." in Faulkner.

We are all too much aware of the novel which worries a boy's conscience through three hundred pages of private schools, Ivy League cocktail parties, and limp-wristed discussions of art until, somewhere

near the end, the boy has a *thought*, or makes a *decision*, or discovers *evil*—all symbolically portrayed. And evil in these novels is just a name for something, a device equated somehow with "growing up."

There is, then, a very real split between the critical and the creative energies that contribute to this country's current literary situation. Evidently it is this partitioning that worries Malcolm Cowley, and we can expect to see him continue his investigations into it. We can hope, also, that he will undertake to examine and explain the almost excruciating cultural conditions under which the young postwar writers of this generation have had to labor. It should be an occasion for the greatest concern when the two dominant traditions of American writing seem to have given out—the one becoming a trivial juggling of structure and devices extraneous to the material, the other a grim and repetitious documentation of the Land-of-No-Way-Out. And it should be the occasion for the greatest joy when the new synthesis begins to appear. There are signs that it has, as Mr. Cowley himself has said. If it has begun to appear, it has a world to win.

It is regrettable that the blame for much of the triviality—structural and thematic—of many modern novels has to be put at the door of the New Criticism—the one critical movement of the past decade to capture the imagination of a generation of students seeking to legitimatize literary endeavor. No movement, no school of critical principles, however well-supported and promoted, could possibly have insinuated itself into the universities and colleges (the present centers of any literary activity) the way the New Criticism has done, if it had not offered the students a real intellectual challenge that somehow squared with the conditions of life which they foresaw and were prepared to accept in one way or another. In a prosperous time when a social interpretation of literature was old-hat—or even suspect, when the best that most schools could offer the young person out for a literary training was a thorough immersion in bibliography and footnoting, when sciences of one kind or another put on the defensive any inquiry that was not scientific, the New Criticism came with its intellectual rigor, its magnificent obstinacy, its austere self-containment and against a clumsy and mediocre opposition won the day. It is easy to decry the artiness of this movement, but the decrier must be ready to explain in an attractive way just what he would offer in its place.

The real adverse influence of the New Criticism, however, is not

to be found in its proper sphere of reading, interpreting, and evaluating a text. As a discipline for examining literary texts, in fact, its influence has been all to the good; and whatever critical developments emerge from the present situation, the New Criticism's attention to the text is almost certain to contribute largely to them. But where the New Criticism has been harmful has been where imaginative writers (who frequently are also critics) have attempted to bring to the writing of a text the same calculating coldness of strategy that they have been taught to use when they are reading one. There is such a thing as creative criticism, but it is not the same thing as creativeness and the confusion is an expensive one to make. It is perceptive of Richard Chase, for example, to discover that "Faulkner and Melville share a liking for physical, dynamic and animal images" and that is good criticism; but if a writer before he begins to write a novel decides to have a motif of "physical, dynamic and animal images" controlling his story, he is only being mechanical and committing himself beforehand to an arbitrary structure and to a domesticated theme that will not balk in the harness. Many years ago Brownell put it down that the fiction should be a fact, the moral an induction. In slightly different terms the precept has meaning today, for the polished technician, the self-conscious craftsman, who today graduates from a writer's workshop under the auspices of a New Critic, has refused to let his fiction be the great *fact* that he is working in and the structure an inward growth that supports it.

Anthony West put all this brilliantly when he seized upon the main trouble with Saul Bellow's fine *The Adventures of Augie March*, calling it a "schizoid novel," split between its author's talent and his pretensions. He describes the creative process and the reversing of itself by self-conscious cerebration (even James spoke of *unconscious* cerebration) this way:

> When one reads Melville, one is overwhelmingly aware that symbolism is his natural language, and that what it expresses is a wisdom that flowed away from his experience. If the creative process is reversed and a rationally contrived system is translated from abstractions into symbols by a deliberate effort akin to that of deciding to speak Esperanto, the same result is not achieved.

". . . A wisdom that flowed away from his experience." Surely when writers have that they need very little else—a critical principle

at least as old as Longinus. Our aesthetic novelists are not wise—are *you*?—and their faults are the faults of virtuosity and technique having to subsist on their own withering humps of fat. It will take more than a scolding to change this.

The war novels and the novels about slum life, drug addiction, and gangsters—the whole tradition of "this is how it really is" literature that is trying to keep Remarque and Farrell alive by mere will power—these works fare little better than the others. There is much of significance to be found when a perceptive and compassionate mind explores conditions of war or poverty. But writers who are now working these corners have turned up nothing that has not been turned up and assimilated long before now. The reader's sensibilities are no longer shocked to learn the *mere facts* that the Amboy Dukes's prowl through the streets with teen-age molls and pin-cushioned forearms; nor, given all the novels, the pictures, the eye-witness accounts, and documentary movies of war, does *The Naked and the Dead* disturb us when the *mere facts* that war is hell and futile and that behavioristic man is capable of bestiality are once again documented. Anyone who is not already convinced of this is beyond conversion, except by fire; and the writer who is trying to shock his reader these days is whipped before he begins. The shock from *The Red Badge of Courage* that shattered our grandparents' nerves merely benumbs our nerves a little more; and instead of being alerted or outraged to action, we withdraw into our private foxholes, peering out once in a while, not to spot our fire, but to check our camouflage.

It is probable that these latter writers are working with materials that are intrinsically more important than the materials of the aesthetes; but I do not see that Mailer, for instance, illuminated anything about mankind or mankind at war by striding vociferously into a well-lighted room and striking a match. He brought some new evidence about a crime that is no longer before the court. I think the same can be said of most of the writers in the naturalistic vein. Witness James T. Farrell's repetitious probings.

In short, modern fiction is in a *cul de sac*, but it has for company just about everything else in our culture.

If the problem were literature's only, all the advice giving would be of some avail; for when intelligent men miss the evidence, critics and fathers have the responsibility for calling them back to re-examine

the scene. But the evidence just now seems to have been pretty well looked over and to bear out the modern writer's apparent conviction that either he must retire to a quarterly magazine and consider nuances of art and rhetorical morality or submerge himself in the elements that have evoked his disgust and go down with a ship that doesn't seem to be worth saving.

Two traditions of literature, growing—as all literature does—out of two radically diverse ways of looking at the world, are facing each other, both traditions vitiated. The general reader turns to parlor pornography or a ghost-writer's version of a movie star. But the consolations of history are available if we care to avail ourselves of them. For literature—even in America—has a tradition of concern; and for writers who wish to deal with people in recognizable human situations and predicaments, there would seem to be some hope. Their tradition is a strong one, deeply rooted in the immediate past of America, when literature was a weapon and a hope for the common people, as well as a record of their lives.

America suffered mightily in the years after the Revolution in the knowledge that it had no literature which expressed its national life. From Hector St. John Crevecoeur and Joel Barlow through Emerson and Whitman ran the refrain that here was an experiment in political thinking that was producing a new type of individual and that a literature was needed to reflect and serve him. There was something peculiarly American, it is true, in the Gothic-like romances of Hawthorne, just as there had been something of America expressed in the histories and legends of Washington Irving and the laborious secretions of James Fenimore Cooper and Charles Brockden Brown. But the one was a penetrating and narrow genius that probed so deeply beneath the surface that the surface was all but missing, while the others, by and large, more concerned with surfaces than Hawthorne had been, wrote so exclusively on European models that the English or American reader could move from Sir Walter Scott or Mary Shelley to them with no sense of disruption. Melville, on a metaphysical rampage, was simply ignored as soon as he attempted to deal with American life.

For it was essentially surfaces that the American wanted recorded in his literature—that, or piety ceremoniously draped in a classical toga. The latter was supplied by the Brahmins and the "damned tribe

of scribbling women." The American was to get the surfaces, plus something else, with a vengeance—listed, described, apostrophied, fulminated over—when Whitman broke the silence with his yawp that was American to the core. And when the Civil War, in effect, transformed the country, closed out the frontier, and produced the cities, the railroads, the industries, the bosses, the Robber Barons, the imperialists, the Populists, the Greenbackers, the ghettoes, the stockyards—when, in short, modern America emerged, there were things to record that America and perhaps the world had never seen before, and the local colorists recorded them. There were things to expose and the Kirtlands, Howes, Egglestons, and Garlands went beneath the surface drabness to reveal the villages and farms in what has been called "the revolt from the villages." Later there were things to reform with the Upton Sinclairs, things to condemn with the Norrises and Dreisers. Still later there were things to ridicule with Sinclair Lewis. In the process of recording, exposing, reforming, and ridiculing, these writers, diverse in quality and divergent in aims as they were, were all realists, telling of life as they saw it, without idealizing it or flinching from it. Also, in the process, American life had been delineated in all its richness and rawness. But only occasionally, as in Frank Norris and Stephan Crane, had the writer's vision moved into that subterranean level where the profoundest art reveals the spirit that moves and shapes, ultimately, the ends of man. Raucous and honest, these writers, for all their limitations, woke America up to what she had become. But it is obvious that for modern America this tradition in its older form cannot serve. This tradition supplies knowledge, and if there is anything that characterizes the situation of modern man it is that his knowledge has outrun his means.

Another tradition, partly realistic, partly romantic, partly genteel, moving through Hawthorne, Melville, and James, at the same time as the realists were making literature a weapon in the market place, made forays into the moral nature of man. To these men, evil was a force within the nature of man, rather than outside it in the banks, farms, and stockyards where it sometimes seemed the other writers had it. And they attempted with an artistry that did not concern a writer like Dreiser or Garland to dramatize the struggle with evil that went on within the human heart. They were not crusaders and they were not journalists and they lived apart from the masses, for

they felt that what they had to say did not depend upon a factual accounting of the actuality of surfaces. But it is obvious that for modern writers this tradition in its older form cannot serve, for, to be contradictory, if there is anything that characterizes the situtaion of modern man it is his knowledge that good and evil are not pure forces working apart from the conditions he lives in, but are, rather, inextricably bound up with them, just as they are bound up and mirror the forces for good and evil in his nature.

What has this to do with the prospects for a contemporary literature that will be interesting and vital to American readers? This, I believe: if the realistic-naturalistic tradition seems to flounder in the hands of Mailer, Motley, Wright, and James T. Farrell, and if the moralist-realist tradition has become just an arty formula for talking about academic evil or for presiding in the pages of women's magazines over fashionable degeneration in Rome or Algiers, there is reason to believe that the conditions of *cul de sac* are near an end.

Writers and artists cannot make a way of life out of a dead end for more than a generation or so. They see, as Emily Dickinson did, "the culprit life" stirring beneath the knife and will not be content merely to officiate over and record its demise. There is a certain romantic posturing over the corpse that gives an almost heroic vitality to writers like Crane and Hemingway and the early Dos Passos; and there is a certain sharpening of our awareness to things that are too easily forgotten that is the intrinsic value of the naturalist tradition. But the writer who will speak for the American in this day, providing he ever gets here, will have to move beyond naturalism as we have known it and combine it with the perceptions of the artist. He will see the surfaces with the unpanicky eyes of a local colorist, and he will be as compassionate for the lives that move across his surfaces as Dreiser was; but he will also see that the brute man is relieved by what Hawthorne thought was the wisdom of the heart; and he will see that even in defeat man maintains a stature that marks him a moral creature even as much as his defeat marks him a creature of force. This writer will not flaunt art as a thing for the limp-wristed nor flee to it as a way of avoiding the spectacle that art feeds on. He will return in his books to issues that affect the lives of men, for he will believe that man can alter his condition; and he will speak to these men with an art that tells them he is telling their story too.

It is not inconceivable that literature might once again have a voice in the affairs of common interest to the people. The Greeks, the Elizabethans, the Victorian English all had a literature that expressed their lives fully, dramatically and artistically. Americans have had only fragments that have expressed fragments of the life of their age. But with the battle of the fragments won, with the troops in each camp obviously ill at ease for something to do rather than their current close order drill, it seems possible that we might yet get a literature that will close the great gap between serious literature and the intelligent parts of the public and that will bring together the best of the two traditional points of view. It cannot come from an act of will on the part of the writers. We have seen too much of what happens to a writer who makes acts of will. But given a crack in the wall, some beam of light, however narrow, into the dark troubles that beset us and there may yet be drawn forth writing that will silence the critics who have been beating their breasts in travail. And it may be that some great person with eyes that see more clearly and deeply than ours can by himself begin the dislocation of our fears and contradictions, which, to repeat once more, are not literary fears and contradictions—at least not primarily.

"So I denounce and I defend and I hate and I love," says the main character in Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, and he is expressing the mixture of emotions that must confront the writer who wants to write about America today. Ellison himself may represent the best evidence for those who feel that American fiction is entering into a new phase that will combine the best of all traditions. For his book is outside all *genre*, an almost fabulous blend of symbolism, realism, and ritual that produces effects that can be found only in someone like Dostoevsky. It is in this direction that the writer who wants to get everything in must move, covering man like a tent in his complexity and contradictions, but, above all, in his wholeness. When he does this, he will find he speaks for a great many people and for a long, long time. "Who knows," says Ellison's hero, at the end of a long soliloquy, "but that, on the lower frequencies, I speak for you."

That our best writers presently can speak only for themselves is the failure of modern culture and, hence, modern literature; that some have begun to feel irritation at the prospect of continuing to do so is the germ of whatever hope we have.

A REMINISCENCE

The Gallic War and the Tired Elk

By SAMUEL YELLEN

LIKE MANY OTHER AMERICANS, I stumbled through Cæsar in the second year of high-school Latin. I was reminded of that recently when I came upon a Penguin translation of *The Gallic War* on a newsstand. Of Cæsar's struggles in Gaul, almost nothing came back to me beyond the familiar opening *Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres*, and the faintest echo of the boisterous changes we classical scholars, in our moments of relaxation, rang on the *Garlic* War. But Central High School and Miss Hanna (both equally victims of time) rose out of the past and stood before me once again.

Central High, rooted in a sandy lot on East 55th Street between Central and Cedar Avenues, was the oldest high school in Cleveland. From its gray rough-hewn stone, blackened by grime from the nearby Pennsylvania Railroad tracks, soared a slender square belfry with a sharp spire; and, inevitably, the school paper was named *The Belfry Owl*. At one time the fostering mother of the proud Connecticut and Massachusetts families who had settled in the Western Reserve and become Cleveland's grandees, Central High had nursed with equal fondness generation after generation of the children of immigrants who had come from Eastern and Southern Europe and had paused in this section of the city until growing wealth enabled them to move further east. When I was at Central, most of the students were Jews, though there were also many Italians and a few stray Negro forerunners of the wave of disinherited that was later to engulf the entire region.

Miss Hanna, who taught us Latin, was on the brink of retirement and must have been seventy. To us, she seemed an ancient wraith.

SAMUEL YELLEN is well known to readers of *The Antioch Review* for his fiction and poetry. He is Professor of English at Indiana University.

A delicate miniature of a woman with wispy gray hair and a freckled translucent skin, she was not the martinet needed for the rigors of her subject. As a consequence, I can recall her kind helpful smile and her ineffectual gestures, but hardly a scrap of Latin grammar. She was a spirit from which all spurious earthly passions, if they had ever been present, had evaporated, leaving only a sweet and mild essence. We must have troubled that spirit considerably.

Not that we were unruly, or poor students. No, driven as we were by the ambitions of our immigrant parents, we stood too much in awe of the great god Education and his chief prophet Latin. Rather it was that Miss Hanna was faced with an acute cultural schism. Teaching Cæsar's commentaries to us must have been an encounter with creatures from another planet. Children of secondhand dealers, ragmen, peddlers, little shopkeepers, house painters, cloakmakers, and bakers, how were we to visualize Roman centurions, Druid priests, or Britons dyed blue? Our uneducated parents had sprung from the warrens of Bialystok, Lvov, Grodno, Vilna, Odessa, and Minsk. What could we possibly have understood of the Bellovaci, Suessiones, Nervii, Atrebates, and the other members of the Belgic coalition? Perhaps the Italian students had previously heard of Julius Cæsar, but it must have been in the same remote and unreal way we had heard of Moses.

Another teacher might have bridged the gap. But in a sense Miss Hanna was herself a foreigner astray in a strange land. She was the last person to be coupled with Cæsar and dabbling in military strategy and problems of logistics. Even at best, women are by temperament not fitted to teach Cæsar, considering their haziness about maps, distances, numbers, and the points of the compass. As I think back, I have difficulty imagining what Miss Hanna, who found no straight lines or sharp corners in nature, who celebrated the fluttering beauty of flowers and butterflies, who saw the world as a blur of lovely hues melting one into another, made of Cæsar's stark black-and-white.

Try as I may, I cannot picture that frail flickering birdlike head bent over a study table, puzzling over the structure of the Roman legion, with its cohorts, manciples, and centuries. I doubt that Miss Hanna ever comprehended the logic of the square formation which permitted Cæsar to attack in any direction without exposing his rear. Nor did that tender heart, I am sure, ever come to appreciate the advantages of the Roman spear, with the piece of soft iron between

head and shaft which bent on piercing shield or body, so that not only did the weapon remain irremovable but it often pinned several overlapping shields together and snafued the enemy. And how perplexed she must have been by Cæsar's detailed analysis of the difference between the siege tactics of the Gauls, who with locked shields over their heads advanced close to the fortification and undermined it, and those of the Romans, who rushed a mantelet up to the wall and then erected siege towers. Certainly, if in the long reaches of the night any illumination touched that bewildered and distracted brain, not a glimmer carried over to us.

When I take into account the basic incompatability of Cæsar's unemotional precision and Miss Hanna's compassionate errancy, I am not surprised that so little of those intricate Gallic campaigns stayed with me. Each morning for a year, out of the unknown realms of the Gentiles appeared this fragile diminutive old lady, to tuck inappropriate wisps of gray hair back into place as she led us in our grim battles with declensions, conjugations, and syntax. Somehow, conducted by that vague ghost, as ignorant in such matters as a hummingbird, we must have outmaneuvered Ariovistus, pushed the Germans out of Gaul, made brilliant forced marches and surprise attacks, noted difficulties of terrain, taken advantage of cover, held back our cavalry until the critical moment, thrown in our reserves, planned defensive measures, raised fresh levies, built ships and bridges, organized winter quarters, foraged for supplies, constructed dykes to drive the Veneti out of their headlands, marched and countermarched, attacked, retreated, and counterattacked. To all this welter were added the complex alliances, broken treaties, and rebellions of the Gallic, Belgic, and Germanic tribes, as well as the political intrigues of Pompey and Cato back in Rome. Little wonder that our minds, like that of our mentor, were darkling plains swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight.

No, it does not surprise me that Cæsar's campaigns were lost in those mists. What does surprise me, however, is that I had completely forgotten details of savagery which should have stuck with a bloodthirsty boy then reading avidly in Altsheller and other old masters of Redskin scalpings, atrocities, and massacres. Why did I not recall the very satisfying instances of barbarism and gore in *The Gallic War*? Surely a boy would have been delighted by the simple yet

effective draft system of the Gauls, under which all adult males were required to arm and race to the muster, since the last man to get there was ruthlessly tortured and put to death before his fellow tribesmen. Or consider the iron discipline imposed upon the Arvernians by Vercingetorix, who for minor infractions would cut off a man's ears or gouge out one of his eyes, attractively clever punishments because the offender did not lose his usefulness as a soldier. This was the same Vercingetorix who burnt his own villages and farms to deprive the Romans of forage and supplies. Or, again, consider Ariovistus placing the German women in a barrier of wagons at the rear to keep his warriors from running away. Or Cæsar, after crushing the rebellion of the town of Uxellodonum, ordering that all who had borne arms against him were to have their hands chopped off. And why have I no memory of the colossal human images made of wicker-work, filled with living men, and set afire as a Druid sacrifice? I begin to suspect that Miss Hanna in her gentleness suppressed these detailed horrors that we young ruffians might have relished. Either that, or in passing through the solution of her tender mercies all that was brutal, feral, and bloody was washed clean as a lamb and rendered peaceful and harmless.

And as I now read my Cæsar, other questions start up to plague me. Why for so long did I believe that Druids were little wood creatures akin to elves, trolls, and gnomes? Was that one of my own vagaries? Or did Miss Hanna infect me with a confusion between Druids and dryads she herself had fallen victim to? Why don't I remember the matrons who, employing the arts of divination, prevented Ariovistus from joining battle before the new moon and thus gave Cæsar time to build up his forces? Where are the terrifying blue-bodied Britons who wore their hair long and shared their wives in groups of ten or twelve men? And where is the aurochs of the vast Hercynian forest, a beast only slightly smaller than an elephant, but resembling a bull in form and color?

Above all, where is the piebald Hercynian elk shaped like a goat, though somewhat larger? How could I have forgotten it? In the plain blunt prose of the literal-minded Cæsar, the Hercynian elk had legs without joints, so that it could not lie down to rest. If it fell, it was unable to raise itself from the ground. Consequently, when it got tired it leaned against tree trunks until it could recover its breath. The

German hunters (so says Cæsar) would track the elk to its haunt, and cut through the trunks of all the neighboring trees so that they only *appeared* to be standing secure. Then as the tired elk rested against them, it pushed them over with its weight and collapsed to the ground where it was easily captured. Yes, where is that tired elk? In what part of the shadowy, dense, and endless Hercynian forest of the past has that appealing creature vanished?

Not all, however, is lost in that dark forest. The last day of the Cæsar class stands out clear as a cameo in my memory. It was, as I recall, also Miss Hanna's last day of teaching. Both pupils and teacher were saying farewell to Cæsar. On that occasion, each of us received, as a kind of legacy, a piece of pinkish stone the size of a hazel nut which Miss Hanna told us she had once picked up on the Roman Forum. To us, all those various pasts ran together like watercolors. We felt sure that the antique Miss Hanna must have picked up those stones at the very time Cæsar was marching in Gaul. For many years I kept my portion of the Roman Forum in an old cigar box together with such treasures as my class ring, my Student Council pin, my gold Glee Club fob, my Philomathean Society debating medal, an Indian arrowhead I had found at Bedford Falls, and a small fossilized rock marked with a fern pattern. Now of all that hoard, I have left only the Glee Club fob, which my wife has appropriated to dangle on her charm bracelet.

Books - - - -

GERMANY: KEY TO AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

The protracted but fruitless wrangling of the foreign ministers at Berlin has once more high-lighted one of the key problems of American foreign policy: What to do about Germany. That divided country's amazing recovery since 1948 has again made her an important factor in European affairs. Her continued partition, however, has constituted one of the chief issues of world politics. How to deal with this condition is one of the questions raised by the authors of three recent books on international affairs.[1]

Fire in the Ashes by Theodore H. White, the distinguished journalist and co-author of *Thunder Out Of China*, is one of the most significant books on international affairs which has appeared in years. Personal observation, interviews with statesmen and careful perusal of published records have convinced the author that, since 1945, not we, but the Russians have committed a series of blunders. They refused to join the Marshall Plan; they alienated their satellites, and they established an iron curtain in Germany, a blunder which has enabled us to keep them out of the Ruhr. Now that Stalin is dead, White maintains,

> the Russians are under greater strain internally and in their fermenting satellites than we might have hoped for several years ago. Never since the war have the Russians expressed such eagerness to sit down and talk with the West as in this year of tidal decision. . . . What appears to worry the Russians fundamentally is the specter of an armed Germany as spearhead of an Atlantic coalition. By postponing the arming of Germans, or yielding on it altogether, we can exact . . . the unification of Germany by free elections which is necessary to bring the Germans wholeheartedly into the European Union.

The last objective, he feels, is essential to the success of the *sine qua non* of intelligent American foreign policy: economic rehabilitation of Europe.

A less optimistic view of our for-

---

[1] *Fire in the Ashes, Europe in Mid-Century*. By Theodore H. White. William Sloane Associates, 1953. $5. *Germany: Key to Peace*. By James P. Warburg. Harvard University Press, 1953. $4.75. *Journey to America, Collected Speeches, Statements, Press, Radio and TV Interviews by Konrad Adenauer During His Visit to the United States and Canada, April 6-18, 1953*. Washington: Press Office, German Diplomatic Mission, 1953.

eign policy may be found in James P. Warburg's *Germany: Key to Peace*. Warburg, scion of the renowned banking family, has held for years that solution of the German problem is the chief prerequisite for European peace. Unlike White, he believes that our postwar policy, especially in respect to Germany, has been marked by a series of mistakes. In this book, more carefully documented but less brilliantly written than *Fire in the Ashes*, he maintains that our attempt to build up a militarized West German state, under the leadership of Konrad Adenauer, is a serious error which has delayed, if not made impossible, successful diplomatic negotiations with the Kremlin. He, too, thinks that a deal might be made with the Soviet Union, but he is willing to go much further than White. To achieve German reunification, Warburg proposes complete neutralization of that country rather than mere abandonment of Western plans for German army units integrated into the European Defense Community. He fully agrees with White, however, that it is essential to build up the economic strength of our allies with all the means at our disposal, so that the free world will become immune to the danger of Communist subversion from within.

Dr. Adenauer's approach is somewhat different. For him a disarmed Germany represents a nightmare of weakness, and he is one of Europe's firmest advocates of E. D. C. The German Diplomatic Mission in Washington has issued a book containing the Chancellor's speeches and statements during his visit to the United States and Canada in April, 1953. Though designed primarily for American readers, and perhaps somewhat repetitious, the little volume is nevertheless a good source for Adenauer's publicly expressed views. He, too, professes great interest in German reunification. As he put it at a German-American benefit concert in Chicago,

> It is with peace and with freedom that we wish to unite Germany's eastern parts, now under Soviet rule, with Western Germany. . . . Like every totalitarian state, Soviet Russia respects, and will negotiate only with those partners who are as strong as she is herself. We must, therefore, try, through the unification of Europe . . . to make the West as strong as Russia is. Then the way will be open for sensible negotiations with Russia.

Thus we are presented with three alternatives for American action in Europe. We can either take White's advice to abandon our pressure for remilitarization of Germany within the framework of a European defense community and attempt to reunify the former *Reich* through negotiation with Russia, while at the same time doing our utmost to strengthen the European economy. Or we can attempt to achieve the

same goal by offering Russia Warburg's plan of neutralization of Germany. Or we can continue to press for the establishment of the European Defense Community and rely upon military strength to achieve a negotiated settlement as advocated by Adenauer.

Different as these approaches may be, several facts emerge clearly. In the first place, it is absolutely essential to keep Europe strong economically if we wish to frustrate Communist endeavors to undermine free nations all over the world. As White expresses it so well, "there is fire in the ashes of the old civilization. America can fan it to flame. . . ." Our economic aid programs have been quite successful in the past, especially in Germany, but German prosperity may be due, in part, to her freedom from the crushing financial burden of a large military establishment. Might this fact not teach us a lesson concerning our present emphasis on military rather than economic assistance? The European army so ardently championed by Adenauer would at best be an unknown quantity; we shall not be able to rely on its combat efficiency for many years to come. Therefore it could be wise to let it develop as the result of a healthy, united European economy rather than to force it prematurely on a shaky, disunited continent—a procedure which would constitute a veritable invitation for Soviet interference.

As Germany is the economic heart of Europe, it is essential that the Federal Republic be integrated economically and eventually politically with the other Western nations. Even though James P. Warburg feels that one of Adenauer's chief motivations is his realization that Germany's "quickest way back to power [lies] through its admission to and later domination of some sort of a Western Union," there is no real reason for distrusting the Chancellor. It is only natural that he should exert himself to the utmost for his own country, and once a prosperous and united Europe has been established, the danger of a neo-Nazi revival will be remote. The remilitarization of Western Germany may then be accomplished, if necessary, within the framework of a united Europe.

In the second place it seems obvious that much may be gained by attempting to negotiate with the Soviets on a give-and-take basis rather than by serving ultimata upon them. Satisfactory agreements might be reached on Austria, the Far East, and disarmament. White's hope of a successful deal involving the reunification of Germany in return for abandonment of E. D. C. in its present form, however, is another matter. It is very doubtful that the Soviet Union would, at this time, consent to relinquish her grip over East Germany under any circumstances, for the simple reason that such an arrangement would have to provide for the decommunization of the eastern

zone. While the Russian rulers may occasionally find it convenient to engage in temporary retreats from full socialization, there is no place in their philosophy for a settlement involving a permanent return to private enterprise and the relinquishment of any Communist party's absolute power. It is for this reason, among others, that no progress was made at the Berlin Conference, which became merely a forum of ceaseless propaganda.

The objections to White's proposals apply with added force to Warburg's suggestions. Even if the Communists were to permit a temporary neutralization of Germany, they would soon find excuses to move into the resultant power vacuum. They would then force us to choose between supine acquiescence or open war. From the point of view of the propagandist, it may be wise to ask for negotiations leading to German unification, but it would be most unrealistic to believe that such negotiations would succeed. Our long-range planning must be based on the assumption of a continued partition of Germany for some time to come.

It is true that this situation contains certain elements of risk, as it offers the Soviets constant opportunities to woo West Germany away from its friends by unilateral promises of reunification or teritorial readjustments. The likelihood of a renewed Soviet-German understanding at Western expense, however, may not be as great as both Warburg and White imagine. Germany and Russia have made deals in the past, but these deals were made under entirely different circumstances. Gustav Hilger and Alfred G. Meyer emphasize this fact in *The Incompatible Allies.*[2] Between the two world wars, Herr Hilger occupied various responsible positions at the German Embassy in Moscow. Consequently, he was able to observe at first hand the tortuous course of diplomatic negotiations between the two powers. Aided by Alfred G. Meyer, an academically trained historian, he has written the memoirs of his official career. In his opinion, the Treaty of Rapallo, and the close military collaboration between *Reichswehr* and Red Army which followed, constituted a marriage of convenience between two political and military outcasts. Although this situation had changed by 1939, Hitler and Stalin, too, negotiated as equals. Under existing conditions, according to Hilger, collaboration with the Soviets would be impossible for Germany, as the relative strength of the two nations has changed so tremendously to the detriment of the latter that she can expect no treatment other than that of a satellite.

It would be foolish to rely completely on Hilger's analysis, no matter how fascinating his book may be. Yet even if he is too sanguine, the

[2] *The Incompatible Allies, German-Soviet Relations, 1918-1941.* By Gustav Hilger and Alfred G. Meyer. Macmillan, 1953. $5.

perils perpetuated by the continued division of Germany may be met successfully. If we are able to create a strong Western European political and economic community, a community of which Western Germany forms an integral part, it will be very difficult for the Federal Republic either to accomplish reunification upon Russian terms or to drag the West into a revisionist war, as feared by Warburg. All her ties, military, political and economic, will then be to the West. To sever these would result in national catastrophe for her. Furthermore, she would almost certainly become a battlefield in any future war. Consequently, any German government would have to think twice before embarking on adventures beyond the Elbe.

It would seem, then, that White's proposals to bring about European unity and economic strength ought to be seriously considered. However, neither his nor Warburg's idea of unification of Germany by compromise seems likely to succeed at this time. The same is true of Adenauer's demand for immediate German integration into E. D. C. If we manage to create a viable united Western Europe, Communist strength in France and Italy will decline. It may then be possible to stimulate Titoist movements in the satellites, and future developments may enable us to roll back the iron curtain to the old frontiers of Russia.

H. L. Trefousse
Brooklyn College